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TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY J. W. R.

A rosebud blossomed in my bower,
A bird sang in my garden;
The rosebud was its fairest flower,
The bird its gentlest warden.
A child beside the linden-tree,
Sang, "Think no more of sorrow:
But let us smile and sing to-day,
For we must weep to-morrow."

I asked the bird, "O didst thou hear
The song that she would sing thee?
And can it be that thou shouldst fear
What the next morn may bring thee?"
He answered with triumphant strain,
saying, "I know not sorrow;
But I must sing my best to-day,
For I may die to-morrow."

I asked the rose, "O tell me, sweet,
In thy first beauty dawning,
Thou canst not fear, from this retreat,
The coming of the morning?"
She flung her fragrant leaves apart,
The lovelier for her sorrow,
Saying, "Yet I must bloom to-day,
For I may droop to-morrow."

I said, "The bloom upon my cheek
Is fleeting as the roses;
My voice no more shall sing or speak,
When dust in dust reposes;
And from these soulless monitors
One lesson I may borrow—
That we should smile and sing to-day,
For we may weep to-morrow."

# ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

## AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

**A Romance of American Society.**

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

### CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

"Was there ever a thirsty man who was satisfied by seeing within his reach a fountain gushing over that he was forbidden to touch? Be merciful; you will do your husband no wrong. It is he who has wronged you every hour that you have been his wife. Listen to me. Society's laws are not God's laws. He never intended that two who love each other should be kept apart, because one of them had committed the mistake of marrying where there was neither congeniality nor love. Life is too short to waste in such a joyless existence. Be merciful; let me hear your dear lips say what your eyes have so often told me of late. It was your unsatisfied soul that looked out of those eyes into mine, and drew me to you by the irresistible laws of nature. I swear to you, my darling, that all I ask of you is love. Only feed my hunger with your love, only let me hold this precious hand, unrebuked, and I shall ask nothing more."

Mildred's face wore an abstracted look, as with her eyes bent upon the carpet, and her chin resting in the hollow of her hand, she listened to him; making no attempt to interrupt him, and no movement, excepting when he had endeavored to touch her hand, which she then quickly withdrew.

"Is this all you have to say?" she asked, when he had finished speaking.

"No, I have a great deal more to say. All time would be too short to say *all* I have to say. But why are you so changed to-day? Why are you so hard and cold and unfeeling?"

"I would have told you why, had you come to talk with me as the friend that I once considered you—had you even expressed any regret for the outrage that you committed in holding me in your arms, and kissing me as you did when I was powerless to prevent you. I thought only schoolboys cared for kisses that were gained by force—that gentlemen only prized such favors when they were willingly yielded. As you have no regret to express, no apology to make, I desire that you should relieve me of your presence, and that after this we only meet as strangers."

"Am I nothing to you, then, that you can be angry with me for such a trifle?"

"I do not call it such a trifle. I belong to another; and do you think that it is but a trifle to me, when I find myself in the arms of anyone save in his to whom I belong? It is the first time in my life that any man, other than my husband, has so held me. Whatever regard I may have had for you in the past, it is all gone now. It is——"

"Don't say such words to me. Our love is too deep to die from one wound."

"Do not interrupt me, if you please. I listened to you, and now I have several things to say before we part, to meet as strangers whenever and wherever we next meet. I do not pretend to deny that I have fully appreciated your friendship, and that I loved to think it would be an enduring one; but you have destroyed all that. It is always so with me. No matter how much I may care for people, men or women, I lose my love for them when I find them capable of acts that they would scorn did they possess the souls with which I have endowed them; but I deny ever having loved you as you think that I have loved you; I deny that you have ever spared me in any way. You took a brutal advantage of me in a moment when I was under the spell of music, the power of which you well know; and, although you have expressed no penitence, no regret, I——"

"How can I express what I do not feel?" he said.

"You ought to feel it; and possibly, when you know what suffering you have brought to me, you may feel it. When you left me by one door that night my husband entered by another; but not before he had seen me in your arms as he passed by the window."

Paul Howard started forward, "Good God, Mildred! was that the cause of your illness?"

"Yes, my illness resulted from the painful scene that I went through with my husband that night; but more than my illness is another result that you have yet to hear. We are to be divorced."

"Divorced!" he exclaimed. "Then you will yet be mine. No one shall rob me of you now, Mildred." He left his chair, and stood beside her.

She looked up into his face. The tenderness which overflowed his eyes no longer possessed any danger for her. With perfect coolness she replied:

"You cannot be robbed of that which you have never possessed. Were I ten times divorced I would never be yours. You boasted that you had spared me in the past. All that I ask of you is to spare me in the future—to spare me from any declarations of a passion, the memory of which will always be a humiliation to me!" She arose and crossed the room to the bell spring, which, at her touch, soon brought a servant's footsteps within sound.

"You cannot be so cruel;" was all that he had time to utter before the servant appeared.

"Will you send my maid to me, please?" she said to the man, who left to execute the order. When the door had closed, she walked to the mantelpiece, and stood leaning against it, awaiting Paul Howard's departure.

He approached. "You will be sorry some day that you have been so harsh to me, Mildred. I will wait until that time comes; and now, at least, tell me before I go that you forgive me for having offended you through too much love!"

"If there had been more love there would have been more respect and nothing for me to forgive; but I do forgive you, as I hope for forgiveness myself."

"Then if you forgive me, say that we shall meet as friends and not as strangers when next we meet."

Mildred hesitated for a moment, and then said with a continuation of that unbroken calmness that had characterised her through the interview:

"We will meet as friends when we do meet, so long as you make no other claims upon me than those of friendship."

At that moment the maid entered, and Paul Howard left the room and the house. As he strode over the lawn, in no enviable frame of mind, he cursed his stars that by one rash act he had lost the vantage ground which up to that time he had fancied that he had gained.

"It is plain to be seen that all is up between Mrs. Carroll Tracey and you," said Colonel Potten that evening as they sat over their dessert together. "You have quarrelled I see."

"I do not know what has put that into your head. We have parted friends."

"'Friendship full oft doth ripen into love,'" quoted Colonel Potten.

"But in this instance love has ripened into friendship, I am afraid," answered Howard.

"*Now*, there *is* some mischief going on. I am sure of that, when you throw out such blinds. No elopement while you are under my roof. 'Honor among thieves,' you know."

"Let me tell you that you do not know Mrs. Carroll Tracey: and for the matter of that, I did not until to-day. She is the first woman I have ever met who made me feel like a fool. I don't mind telling you, Potten, but, to quote your own words, 'Honor among thieves,' you know."

"Whatever you say to me is as safe as if you had only thought it," he answered.

"Well, Mr. and Mrs. Tracey are to be divorced, and on the strength of the information, I offered myself and was refused point blank. I have not yet got over the stunned sensation that I experienced."

"Offered yourself? What do you mean—for a husband or a lover?"

Howard put his hand up to the back of his head, and concentrating his gaze as if he were looking at something in the distance, said:

"Upon my word, I don't think that I said anything about marriage. Why, of course that's just what's the matter."

"But then you would see her in heaven first before you would marry her. Isn't that what you told me?"

"If I did, I did not mean what I was saying. She would make this earth a heaven for me if she would marry me. She is the first woman, and the only woman, I have ever seen whom I wished to marry; or who could have tempted me into an elopement."

"How about Miss Penn? It certainly is not so long ago that you had that little affair with her that you can have forgotten how sorely you were tempted then."

"Not to marry her, by a long shot. She tempted me just as she tempts every man she flirts with. That girl is the deepest for her years that I ever came across. I believe, upon my soul, that she is only marrying Atherton to give her more freedom. She can lead a man to the devil as coolly and as deliberately as——"

"As some men can lead a woman," interrupted Colonel Potten. "She may meet her match some day."

Paul Howard lighted his cigar and gave himself up to his reflections. Colonel Potten took his New York journal to the light and read as he smoked. For an hour or more there was nothing said: then Colonel Potten looked up, and saw Howard leaning back in his chair with a dark frown on his brow, and an evil light in his eyes.

"You are the image of an engraving of Satan that I have seen somewhere," remarked Colonel Potten.

"So I have been told before. I am getting used to the compliment."

"Well, it *is* a compliment. Satan, you know, is said to represent unprincipled intellect."

"It is enough to make a devil of a man to find everything as topsy-turvy as it is in this world. I daresay Lucifer himself would have been all right, if something had not gone wrong in which a woman was concerned."

"Most of us find things all right as long as we have our own way, but when we are crossed, the Lucifer in us generally rises. You have no reason to complain. 'Everything comes to those who know how to wait.' Give the little woman time, and if you do not fall in love with some fresh face, and continue seriously to wish to marry Mrs. Tracey after she is divorced, the chances are all in your favor."

"I am not so sure of that. Since I have been sitting here, I have recalled a story that I once heard about some affair between Carroll Tracey and his brother in-law, that had been hushed up. You know his sister died last week; and if there was anything, as I have heard it intimated, between Graham and Mrs. Tracey, why it's all up with me, you see. When Tracey gets his divorce, she'll marry Graham."

"All the better for you, and for her too," answered Colonel Potten. "But if she has had an affair with Graham, the chances are that neither of them cares a button for the other now."

"What do you mean?" said Howard, starting to his feet, his brows set and a demoniacal light flashing from his eyes. "If you dare to speak of her in that way! If——"

"Come, come; don't get so excited. How could I know that I was touching a sore spot? Let me advise you, if you have so much sensitiveness on that score, never to marry a divorced woman."

"I tell you, if every relative in the world, and every friend that I possess, warn me not to marry Mrs. Tracey, I will marry her all the same, if she will have me, when her husband gets the divorce."

"What is the ground on which he applies for it?" asked Colonel Potten.

"I do not know. Incompatibility of temperament, I suppose. Good heavens! It is always so with these literary men. They do not deserve to have wives. I know I am a worthless, lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, but with such a woman for a wife, you would see what I would become!"

"Every man makes his own character," said Colonel Potten.

"If there is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will, we do not make our characters ourselves. It is the controlling power of circumstances, the influences that surround us, which make us what we are," replied Howard.

"Not if a man has been trained to discipline himself; that's what gives strength to a character, and helps him to control circumstances, instead of his being controlled by them. No wife is going to keep you right. With your fickle disposition, as soon as you come in possession of the bauble you cry for, it will lose its value. I hate to see a man, possessing such brilliant talents as you, fritter his life away for want of this same self discipline. If you but gave the time to your studies, and your clients, that you devote to running after new faces, you could be one of the first lawyers in New York. But as it is, the firm of 'Mortimer and Howard' will probably never be heard of as connected with any cases of importance."

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that Mortimer writes me he has a new client. He does not give his name. By Jove!" suddenly springing to his feet from the lounge where he had thrown himself, "I'll wager a dozen of Metternich that he is Carroll Tracey. As affair to be conducted with great secrecy, kept out of the papers, and all that. Of course it is Tracey's divorce. You know Mortimer is a cousin of your 'Saint Agatha.'"

"Don't say *my* Saint Agatha. If all that you have told me is true, she will marry Tracey when he gets his divorce."

"Well, I have been stupid—thinking so much of myself that it never entered my head what he was after. Of course, that explains it all. This raises my hopes again:" and throwing off his gloom, he broke out into a merry trill, gliding into a chansonette, and ending with the first verse of the song, "She is mine, she is mine," which of late had seemed to be forgotten.

"Yes, it is all settled now," he said, as he ended the verse. "Carroll and Saint Agatha, Mildred and I; and who is there for you, old fellow? Come, now be amiable for once in your life, and offer yourself to that charming Miss Lennox, who had no eyes nor ears for anyone but you at Mrs. Rivers' dinner."

"What! that old maid! why, she is thirty years old at least."

"And how old are you, pray tell? You have reached the age of discretion, and discretion tells a man of your age not to marry *a girl* if he wishes companionship of mind as well as full appreciation of himself and——"

"Good for you," broke in Colonel Potten. "That is about the first sage remark I ever heard you make. But don't trouble your head about me. I shall never marry again."

"It seems to me that you do not know your mind. Why, it is not six months since you told me you had made up your mind that you would. I thought you would offer yourself to Miss Lee. I did, upon my honor."

"What an insane idea! If I ever should be such a fool as to marry again, I shall marry a woman, if I know myself, and not an icicle." Adroitly turning the conversation, he added, "I must confess that I did not think *you* were a marrying man: certainly, not before you were thirty; did I expect you to fall into the harness of a Benedick."

A hearty and prolonged laugh answered this last remark as if he himself were struck with the ludicrousness of the idea. "Paul Howard a married man!" he found breath at last to say. "The very thought is absurd; but that is the way one after another of us disappear out of the procession of bachelors that feast the eyes and gladden the hearts of the fair candidates for matrimony, and the she-dragons who spread their nets for us with the tempting bait."

"Take care how you speak of prospective mothers-in-law. You know it takes a rash man to defy instead of propitiating the powers of evil. What witty Frenchman said that there are three evils in this world from which there is no escaping—sin, sorrow, and a mother in-law?"

"I am sure I do not know; but again my luck is in the ascendant, for Mildred has no mother."

"A settled thing, your marriage with her, is it?"

"Yes, as far as I am concerned, it is all settled. But you know, 'Man proposes, and woman disposes,' is the new rendering of 'L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.'"

"A very good one for this especial case. Well, you have my best wishes for whatever is best for you. I daresay there is some truth in the saying, 'Love makes or mars a man,' but only weak characters go to the dogs for a woman's sake."

"I do not know about that. I have been easier to satisfy in the past than I shall be in the future, now that I know what perfection in a woman is, for the first time in my life."

"The first time in your life, eh? Now remember what I tell you, for I am older than you are, my boy; it is not the last time that you will fancy a woman perfection itself, but if you ever do, really find one, don't trust her. If I thought Mrs. Tracey answered to that description, I would counsel you to flee from her as from Satan himself." No; give me 'a creature not too good for human nature's daily food.' Besides, saints and sinners never go well together. I like a cross between an umiaole woman and one who is *'coiffée de son opinion'* yes, and *chatoyée* also, as Miss Lennox is."

"But of all descriptions of women, I like sanctimonious ones least—the rigidly virtuous, you know, who, never having known a temptation themselves, sit in judgment upon those who have been tempted and who have done better, perhaps, than they would had they been exposed to the same. There's your Saint Agatha, for instance; irritate——"

"What possesses you to call her mine? You are enough to drive one mad," ejaculated Colonel Potten, with much irritability.

"Tut, tut! don't get excited over a trifle. Irritate her a little, I say, and the *battes de colours* run out their claws to strike. I fancy she is like the money of Henry VII., silver without and copper within. A few crosses to the disposition, a few rubs to the coin, will show up the copper."

It was now Colonel Potten's turn to spring to his feet; and almost shaking his fist in Paul Howard's face, he gave vent to his indignation. "What do you know, or what could a man like you know, of her character? I tell you she is as far above Mrs. Tracey as a star is above a will o'-the-wisp. *She* is the only perfect woman I ever have known."

It was as good as a farce to see Paul Howard, as, leaning back in his chair with great composure, he gave utterance to a prolonged "Wh-e-e-e-w!" that spoke volumes.

"Well, *this* is a piece of news which obliges me to take a run in the frosty air to recover my senses. Look here, Potten, I'll bet on Tracey one hundred to one. Take my advice, fly from her as you would from Satan himself; and whatever you do, when you do marry, marry a woman, and not an iceberg. Good-night."

"Fool!" ejaculated Colonel Potten, as the door closed.

It opened again immediately, and Howard put his head in, just long enough to say:

"I don't charge anything as counsel in this case. One good turn deserves another, you know."

In another week Agatha and Mildred were in their respective homes in New York, Colonel Potten had taken possession of his winter quarters in the same city, and Paul Howard was again "the slave of toil," to use his own expression.

PART SECOND.

Glancing upon me with a scornful air,
"Who were thy ancestors?" he coldly asked.
—*Dante's Inferno.*

Can Soulie be right, when he says in his Memoires du Diable, "Il n'y a donc pas dans le monde une femme sur la vie privee de laquelle on peut frapper meme au hasard sans y eveiller le souvenir d'un crime ou d'un remords?"

### CHAPTER I.

Mr. Lee's house in New York was undergoing repairs; and although the artisans had promised to vacate the premises early in December, Agatha returned from Newport, the last of that month, to find them still in possession. This state of things being utterly intolerable, she decided to accept an invitation from her friend, Mrs. Belcher, living in "The Quaker City," to spend a month with her.

After a few busy days of preparation, she left New York without seeing the Traceys; for, although she called on Mildred, she did not find her at home, and the few lines pencilled on a card received no answer.

Mrs. Belcher, as Edith Vassal, had been a schoolmate of Mildred, as well as Agatha, and the three, during their school-days in New Haven had been known to the students of Yale College as "the three Graces," although Agatha was far from possessing the beauty of "the blonde" Edith, or of "the brunette" Mildred, and had won her cognomen of "the saint" from her demure face during divine service in chapel; never coquetting with her eyes, as the two others were accused of doing; or if she did, in such a saintly way that she escaped detection.

The Belchers were very pleasantly situated, both as to their residence and society; for although they both belonged to Massachusetts families, and had only lived in Philadelphia since their marriage, they had managed to steer clear of continuing acquaintances that were not agreeable, and to maintain without being intrusive such as were congenial, which the author of "Rose, Blanche and Violet" pronounces to be a most difficult feat to accomplish. It is true that Mr. Belcher was looked upon as a self-made man, for he was not one to parade his antecedents. It was enough for him to know that the stock he came from had been known in the new world for two hundred years and more, as inheriting the sterling qualities of their Puritan ancestors; men whom history pronounced to be more than mere colonists, the exponents of a new civilisation founded on the idea that under God men could govern themselves; men whose flight from England and self exile on these shores was the strongest protest they could give against the divine right of kings in civil and religious government. Very proud was Mr. Belcher of his extraction, very proud that not only upon his father's and mother's side was he of genuine Puritan blood, but that the ancestors of his father's mother, and the ancestors of his mother's mother, were of the same energetic, resolute race.

Mrs. Belcher, it is just as true, was also represented as a quite low-born, aspiring and vulgar, by the many whom she had found rude, uncultivated, or uncongenial, and to whom she had consequently turned her cold shoulder, quite regardless of her husband's advice to be politic. Not possessing an especially sensitive temperament, she cared as little for all the ill-natured stories put in circulation concerning her antecedents, as she would have cared for the croaking of frogs on a mild spring evening; believing with Alphonse Karr that envy and misrepresentation "accompagnent si regulierement le bonheur, comme le croassement des grenouilles une belle soiree d'ete, qu'il semble que la haine fasse partie du bonheur, et qu'elle avertisse les gens distraits qu'ils sont heureux."

The morning after Agatha's arrival, as the two friends were sitting in the cosy boudoir of Mrs. Belcher she said: "Tell me, Edith, whether you have heard anything about the Traceys lately."

"I should think I had. The town has been ringing with the scandal. They say she has eloped with Paul Howard, and her husband has applied for a divorce."

"Eloped!" exclaimed Agatha. "That cannot be possible. Why, it is scarcely more than a month since she and Mr. Tracey left me in Newport. Eloped! no. I never will believe that of Mildred. But how dreadful for such a story to get around! What else have you heard?"

"Why, that Mr. Tracey is going to Europe; that there is some one there whom he is suspected of wishing to marry; that they had never cared for each other, and oh, I don't remember half I have heard. I used to see a good deal of them when they lived here; and I often wondered what Mildred could have seen in him to fancy. He is so haughty, and cold, and repelling in his manners; and never seemed to think of anyone but himself. I believe that is the way with literary people, all brains and no heart. Poor Mildred, I am sure, she has had a hard time of it; but if she has run away with that renegade Paul Howard she will have it still harder. He will never marry her."

"She will never marry him, and she will never run away with anyone," answered Agatha; "nor did Paul Howard originate the trouble between Mildred and her husband; that dates back to the early days of their wedded life—long before she knew him. I cannot tell you what it was, for Mildred has told me in confidence; but I can say that I do but love her the more for all she has been through; although she committed a cruel wrong towards her husband; who, if you knew him as I know him, you would say was one of the noblest of men."

Mrs. Belcher had a toss of her head that was very charming in her, and that did not in the least detract from her refinement; but then, after all it was scarcely more than a suggestion of a toss, and this suggestion was her only answer. It seemed to say, "I would not give much for his nobility."

"I have never known his equal," continued Agatha, "He unites the strongest intellect of a man with a woman's tenderness of heart. In fact, I must warn you not to say anything against Carroll Tracey to me, for in him I have found that ideal friend that before I knew him I looked for in vain."

"Ah! I remember your hobby. Is he also a disciple of Plato?" asked Mrs. Belcher, striving to suppress the merry twinkle in her eyes.

"He is as firm a believer in the highest forms of friendship as I am; and in that attraction, or sympathy, or——"

"Affinity," suggested Mrs. Belcher.

"No, I hate that word, and I will not use it; but you know what I mean; for I have heard you say times without number that you feel the greatest attraction for some persons, and the greatest aversion for others. This very thing it is that makes you the exclusive little woman that you are called."

"I do not deny the charge," replied Mrs. Belcher, and this time the toss of her classical head was a little more decided than before. "But I cannot be exclusive as I would like to be; for I could have my own way, I would exclude every boor, and every fast girl and fast woman, not only from my own doors, but from society. I have such an antipathy to looseness of morals and manners, as well as to all ignorance and vulgarity, that I am never brought into contact with such people without mentally acknowledging myself to be a disciple of Darwin; for I feel so mistakably the blood of some ancestral porcupine stirring in my veins as to verify the law of selection."

Agatha laughed her low, pleasant laugh, for she possessed one of those voices and laughs that are full of music, and that lingers on the listener's ear like strains of some haunting melody.

This was but one of many long chats which they held during Agatha's visit, talking over their school girl experiences, and those of later days; discussing the books they had read, the new people they had met, as well as the friends of 'auld lang syne;' and in this way, and in receiving and making calls, the days passed; for the weather was too cold either for riding or driving in the park. There was not any remarkable amount of gaiety, but now and then a dinner, or a ball, or a theatre party, helped to keep the evenings from becoming monotonous, for Agatha's month had stretched out through the winter, and spring found her still with her friend. Miss Penn's wedding was the great event of the season. The marriage took place in church; and after the ceremony there was a grand reception at her mother's house; and after the reception a collation for the favored few. Agatha, with Mr. and Mrs. Belcher, was at the reception. So was Mr. Jenkins, who had come over from New York to be one of Mr. Atherton's groomsmen; and Miss Lennox, who chanced to be staying a few days in town on her way to Washington; and the "charming widow," Mrs. Barlow. So it chanced that Agatha found herself in a group, some of whom had been her guests at Newport; and among them was Mr. Davenport, who belonged to one of the oldest and best of old Philadelphia families. Ormus Davenport he had been christened, after the ancestor from whom he had descended in an unbroken male line, and who had lived in the time of William the Conqueror. The large sealing which he wore on his third finger was an heir-loom, and bore a man's head in the profile, *couped* at the shoulders, with a rope around the neck. This same rope afforded a theme for endless jests, to friends as well as foes; but Davenport was too sensible a fellow to feel annoyed, and often joined in when his anti-republican tastes were commented upon. That his ancestors had been what the rabble call "bloated aristocrats," did not cause Davenport to think any more or less of himself; but the knowledge that they had been men of worth, foremost among the men of worth of their own day, filled him with the laudable ambition to be worthy of them in his day and generation. As he stood near Agatha, looking down upon her with unmistakable admiration in his eyes, she asked:

"Who is that lady, with a dress as refined as her face; and both dress and face as lovely as possible?"

"The one talking with Miss Lennox? Mrs. Stanhope. She made a narrow escape from being a beauty, did she not?"

"I should say she had not escaped. She has that beauty of soul which attracts more than the beauty that lies in mere regularity of features and brilliancy of complexion. She reminds me, I can't tell why—just a suspicion only—of Mrs. Tracey," said Agatha.

"Now, you have 'hit the nail on the head,' to use a trite expression. Their grandmothers were sisters. Mrs. Stanhope's grandmother on her mother's side

was a Winthrop, and so was Mrs. Tracey's," replied Mr. Davenport.

"How droll!" said Agatha, looking intensely amused. "How very droll that you, Mr. Davenport, should know who Mildred Tracey's grandmother was, and that I should never have known that she had a grandmother, even! Why, I could not tell to save my life what the maiden name of my grandmother was on my mother's side."

"Which shows that you share with many others an indifference to family records that you would not evince in the lineage of a lower form of creation. Now were you going to buy a thorough-bred, would you not wish to know the pedigree of the animal?" he asked.

"I cannot say I should. If the thorough-bred possessed the qualities that I wished in a horse, I would not care to have his pedigree."

"But you see," pleaded Mr. Davenport, "it would add so immensely to his value if he had been sired by some famous trotter, that you ought to wish to know all about him just for his marketable value."

"Ought I? Well, it only goes to show how my education has been neglected; for unless I wished to sell the animal, I would not give an old glove to know whether some far-off, dead sire suited me, as long as the living colt did. But even admitting that I ought to, it does not hold good that I ought to feel an interest in the grandparents of my friends; for men and women no longer possess a marketable value in our country."

"But then, to change the simile, if you know the root of a tree to be good, you are pretty sure that the fruit will be sound," persisted Davenport.

"If I find the fruit good, I do not care to know anything about the roots. They are out of sight, underground with our ancestors; and to my way of thinking, God never intended that we should waste our time digging down amid their bones and dust, or after decaying roots, to find out the nature of things that are wisely hidden from our sight," answered Agatha, with equal warmth.

Mr. Davenport pulled at his long, golden-red moustache, and looked pained, as well as perplexed, at this announcement of heterodox views from one who was "every inch a lady." Agatha continued:

"I value my friends for the good and attractive qualities that they possess, and not for the qualities that their ancestors possessed."

"Oh, of course, of course. We all do that, I hope," said Mr. Davenport, still caressing his moustache, and wondering, for the first time, what family of Lee, Agatha belonged to. Just at that moment, as if divining his thoughts, she said:

"Now I know you are dying with curiosity, Mr. Davenport, to find out something about my ancestors. Well, I have no Puritan blood to boast of, nor am I from any old Knickerbocker family; nor yet do I boast of having descended from one of your famous Philadelphia families, whose names are linked with the earliest history of your State; but——"

Here Mr. Davenport interrupted her:

"I beg, Miss Lee, that you will hold a higher opinion of me than to imagine it to be necessary to tell me anything more about yourself than I already know."

"And I beg of you, in return, not to think me so ignorant of one of the first requirements—the very first, I ought to say, of Philadelphia society. Everyone in America knows the saying which has passed into a proverb, 'In Boston they ask: What does he know? in New York, How much is he worth? and in Philadelphia: Who is he? So I must make a clear breast to you, Mr. Davenport. My father inherited his business and a great deal of his money from my grandfather, who made for himself nearly every dollar that he ever possessed; for, strange to say, he had a genius for business, beginning, with nothing and ending with a sum that satisfied all his ambition. Yet, though he began life a poor man, he had the same weakness that you have confessed in yourself; and, should I ever have the pleasure of seeing you again, in our New York home, I will show you a picture of the home of his ancestors in England; a dear, odd old place, which I confess to loving myself; and which stands on grounds his family have held possession of for more than six hundred years." Agatha, declaim as she might against pride of birth, could not conceal its traces in her eyes, and in the very carriage of her head, as she spoke.

"There! did I not tell you so?" exclaimed Mr. Davenport, recovering his equanimity upon finding his pet theory confirmed, instead of exploded, as he had feared it was about to be.

"And now," Agatha went on to say, "do me the good turn to tell me something about the people here—not about their ancestors," she added, with a quizzical smile. "Who is that dapper-looking individual, devoting himself so assiduously to Miss Lennox?"

"Mr. French. He is always in her train; not that he meditates matrimony, but you see Miss Lennox's fortune and position are such, that he feels rather complimented in being considered one of her admirers. He has a weakness for that distinction which is supposed to attend upon companionship with persons of distinction."

"He is not alone in that weakness; is he, Mr. Davenport?"

"Good heavens! he is going to have himself introduced to you, as sure as I am a sinner," was the answer. "Adieu to our *tete-a-tete*."

At that moment Miss Lennox approached with him, and he was presented to Agatha.

"You are the very one French, to tell Miss Lee who all these people are that she has never seen before," said Davenport, addressing him. Then turning to Agatha, he added, "Mr. French you will find as good an institution for us as the Almanach de Gotha for Europeans. I will wager whatever you like, that there is not a soul in what he would call 'society,' concerning whom he cannot give us the antecedents, at least as far back as the great-grandfathers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPANESE LAW.—An obedient son living with his aged parents had a disagreeable wife, who made the old couple very uncomfortable. The son, in order to restore the harmony of the household, poisoned his wife. This act, although dictated by filial piety, could not be entirely overlooked by the authorities. The man was therefore tried for the murder, and sentenced to be imprisoned for ten years; but on consideration of the circumstances, the court decided that these should be spent in his father's house, on condition that he wore chains all the time.

## TWILIGHT.

BY JAMES HUNTER MCCULLOCH.

This is the hour that we love the best,
Between the two lights of the dame and the sun—
The sun having hidden himself in the west,
Passing, we muse on the day's duties done.
The eye, the great inlet, is empty; while we
Are filled with the ebbtide of memory's sea.
Night noiselessly creeps in the dormant day's nest,
So softly no stars are awakened but one!
Evening it is in a double sense, dear—
Life, too, is ending as sadeth this day,
The vital sun's set, and twilight is here;
And the blood grows chill, and the rich tints, gray.
I have played my part, and am I content?
Have I ploughed and planted the whole of the field?
Am I sure I sowed all the seed I meant?
Is the harvest the best that the field could yield?
Why do I murmur? why do I grieve?
If with the whole of my strength I wrought,
What is there left of the past to retrieve?
Could I have asked to strength by thought;
Your soothing, sweet words are worthy of you;
Yet bring only love, and no balm, for me.
Can love too new wine of life renew?
Can prayer or praise change the fruit of the tree?
I have weighed it, have tasted the flavor it hath,
And need a full crop for an aftermath!

## RUNNING "PILOT."

"Who is standing pilot this evening?" said the superintendent or "boss," as he was called.

"Seth Martin," was the foreman's reply.

"Tell him to come here, will you? and hurry up!"

The foreman hastened away, and both he and Seth Martin must spread "themselves," as the former said, for in a few minutes the engine-driver stood before his chief.

The great man took a comprehensive look at the engineer, who flinched not a muscle. His clear, steady eyes were as blue as the sky; a handsome brown beard ornamented his face, which, albeit rather dirty, was full of character and determination. To use the popular expression, "he was pure gold down to bed-rock."

The superintendent, satisfied with his scrutiny, nodded to the engine-driver, and said:

"There's a specie train up out of Collinsville to-night, Seth."

"I know that," was the curt response.

"And it will require close watching," continued the chief.

"I s'pose so—I know that," repeated Seth.

"You are mighty knowin' this evening," said the superintendent, smiling; "but there is one thing you don't know, Sonny. You don't know that you are going to run pilot to that train."

"Yes, I do," replied the engine driver.

"Who in thunder told you, then? I didn't know it myself till ten minutes ago!"

"You told me this minute, then I knew it," replied Seth, smiling, and disclosing his white, even teeth. "I'm ready boss."

"Seth Martin, you ought to be a judge; your talents are thrown away on this line, but listen; we've no time to split straws in chaff. There's a very festive gang of desperadoes hanging about up Dartford way. They nearly wrecked the through Pacific last week. Fortunately, the passengers was handy with their shootin'-irons and bullets was rainin' pretty thick, else them would have been something unpleasant."

"Wa'al," said the engine-driver, "go ahead."

"Now you must run pilot to the specie train and see that the line's clear up as far as Dartford City. Ye can shunt at the Trestle Bridge siding and wait to pull the wagons up the Bunker Incline through the cuttings. Once safe there ye can rattle along, and mind ye keep a good lookout."

"You bet!" was Seth's reply. "I'd better take my six shooter, I suppose. We'll have to fight, maybe!"

"Most likely," replied the superintendent coolly. "Keep this quiet. I've got men on the lookout along the line. Who's your mate?"

"English Tom Atkins," was the reply. "He's grit."

"All right, then," said the chief. "Now don't drink; keep a full head of steam; bring back the specie safe, and—"

"Wa'all" drawled the other coolly.

"I'll provide for your family if you're hurt or shot; if not, I'll reward you."

"Is that all, then? Well, good night, boss, and thank ye."

"Good luck," was the answer; "I'll not forget you."

Seth Martin turned away with a nod of acknowledgement and directed his steps to the shed where his engine was "standing pilot." This means that the engine had steam up (or was "in steam," to speak technically) and was ready for any sudden emergency. The driver was just as well pleased to run a couple of hundred miles on a dark night, even with the chance of being shot, as to have an invitation to the "White House" itself.

"Tom!"

"Hallo!" came back in an unmistakable English voice.

"Fire up a bit; we're bound West; specie pilot; ten o'clock. Keep it quiet."

A man unseen by the driver put up his head to listen.

Seth was a man of action, and so was his mate, Tom Atkins. They looked to the engine and their revolvers; put a dozen cartridges in a tin can; filled a similar can with some old Bourbon whiskey at a saloon close by, whither they were followed by the man who had been listening to their conversation, and who noted their preparations.

After communicating with some accomplice, this mysterious individual left the saloon and made his way towards the signal box, which stood some distance down the line.

As soon as the engine driver and his mate were recognised, they were warmly welcomed, for they were favorites. Many drinks were tendered for their acceptance, and declined on various pleas, till at length one man declared the Britisher wanted to fix an insult on a free-born citizen. He offered Seth and Tom a glass apiece, saying:

"What's up, mate? Swore off, eh!"

"For this evening," replied Seth, "but as I'd rather drink than fight just now, I'll take your treat." So the men each took the proffered glass, but scarcely tasted it; and soon afterwards Seth, fearing that some inkling of his intended mission might leak out, beckoned to his fireman to follow as soon as possible, and then left the saloon. He lit a cigar, climbed up into the "cab" of his engine, and began to smoke.

He smoked in comfort for about a quarter of an hour, then he felt "queer." "These is stronger cigars than usual," he muttered, and he threw it from him. But the oppression on his brain became heavier; he felt very sleepy now.

"I think I'll have a nap; it's only about nine o'clock. I must; there's an hour yet. I wonder where Tom is. It's my opinion Tom will drink too much or—"

His train of thought was suddenly interrupted. All at once it flashed upon him that he himself had been "drugged" in the saloon!

"That's it; what a thundering idiot I am!" He essayed to rise, but felt quite bewildered. He made hopeless attempts to stand upright, but could do nothing. He was as useless as a child; but, worse than all, he was conscious of his inability to do his duty. Ten o'clock rang out. He struggled to his feet. His head was spinning round, his feet were heavy as leaden weights. He opened the sliding-door, but ere he could descend a blow from behind sent him flying into space—a splash, and down he sank into a large pond containing a quantity of surplus water for the locomotive tanks.

At the same moment three men climbed up on the engine and, with a low but hearty chuckle started it out from the siding.

"I think we did that neat," said the shortest of the party. "I didn't listen to the boss for nothin' this time. The specie will run after all, you see. Oh! they couldn't catch me me tripping. No, sir!"

"The Savage will do the bridge, I suppose," said another. "He's to work on the up line, isn't he?"

"Aye, only on that side. Ye did that Britisher pretty, I must say. He and Seth was kinder cautious, too."

"I mixed it strong," said the other, with a savage laugh. "Did you settle the signals, Abe?"

"Aye: telegraphed ourselves on special, and then cut the wires and smashed the instruments. We're clear now to Dartford City. What's that?" he added, hastily, as the engine lurched for a second and lifted.

"Only the points. We're out now. We can run easy, I s'pose. She won't bust, I hope. Here goes."

The speaker, who knew little about engine driving, turned on the steam and away they went. He turned his head for a moment. "There's something moving yonder; they've found Seth, likely."

But this portion of the gang of desperadoes had met their match in English Tom Atkins. For a moment or two he had been overcome by the drugged whiskey, but a simple and very effective remedy cured him at the cost of a few moment's sickness. Creeping along the ground, for he could not walk, he conceived the idea of following these men, so he held the points open and sent the "bravoes" away into the night on the up line. He proposed to give the alarm and follow (on the down rails) with a superior force. But fate was drawing the fugitives to destruction. The up line was cut at the bridge.

"Lend a hand, mate, I'm drowndin'!" This is what Tom heard as he crawled rather than walked across the metals to seek assistance.

"Seth—Seth Martin; what's happened to you?"

"Them varmints tossed me in here when I was half stupid, but the water has done me good. Help me out, Tom, and we'll fix them yet."

Tom, who was rapidly recovering, lent a'l the assistance he could; and then the dripping driver, quickly wringing the water from his clothes, said, when his mate had told him what he had done—

"Don't breathe a syllable to mortal man. I know Bob Franklin's engine is in steam by now for the cross traffic. We'll fire her up and run them down. We may save the specie yet. Hurry down to the signal-box while I get out the engine."

Tom hastened away as desired, but soon came back with the intelligence that the box was empty and the wire cut.

"We daresn't say a word now," said Seth. "What fools we were to take them drinks! Now, Tom, shove in some wood while I oil the cranks. I'll leave word for the foreman; we must trust him."

All these preparations were made almost as quickly as they are here described. In ten minutes the engine was ready, and as noiselessly as possible the great locomotive was brought out of the shed, but tender first.

"Never mind," said Seth when Tom objected. "We can run about as quick. Now, are ye ready?"

The foreman came up at that moment. "If ye do succeed, your fortunes are made. If you fail I wouldn't answer for your lives. Take my revolver," he added, "and be off."

Seth thanked him, adding gloomily, "If we fail, we'll never come back alive. For us to be hocussed with 'Bourbon' is disgrace enough."

A whistle! The foreman opened the points and they sped away on the down line in full pursuit of the desperadoes to save the specie train if possible.

"We've no head lamp!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly.

"So much the better; we don't want to advertise ourselves to-night. "There's a flash of something: guess we'll have a storm."

The remark was not uncalled for. The gleam of lightning every now and then appeared to rest upon the steel handles and glint along the rails. There was a moaning sound in the air, a feeling of oppression, while occasionally a heavy splash of rain would drop upon the roof of the "cab" in which the men journeyed.

They absolutely flew along the track. Over the apparently boundless prairie the line was laid. Not a station for miles. A few watering-places at intervals alone broke the level character of the prospect when the fitful lightning lit up the surroundings. Pitch dark overhead except when the flashes came, and the only light below the rapidly moving glare of the furnace fire on the "road."

"It's past eleven," said the driver. "We ought to have pulled them. We've run this thirty miles in the half-hour. There's Buffalo Creek," he added, as they skimmed past.

"Well, then, Dartford is only another thirty, and the trestle siding on the top of the cutting is only twenty-five."

"We must pass them at the curve, below. Hallo! look out, mind that handlamp."

Tom turned the slide and looked ahead. Seth shut off steam.

"There they are! Lucky we are running tender foremost, or they would have seen our fire. We'll wait on them gently till they get on to the trestle curve. Then we'll 'wire in' and drop them. Steady, mate!"

The engine came silently to a standstill. The gentle hiss of the steam, which was just raising the valves, was the only audible sound. Broad flashes of sheet lightning lit up the heavy masses of cloud, but no thunder followed. Seth looked to his revolver.

Tom fed the fire and they waited; it was their only chance—a surprise.

For quite twenty minutes the men waited; the engine in front had long ago disappeared. At length Seth said, "Now, Tom, is our time! I'll run them a race down to Dartford City, and, if I get there first, there'll be scalps to sell to morrow. We'll round that curve before they see us, and come in all flying. Are you ready?"

Tom signified his consent, and away darted the ponderous engine across the boundless prairie at top speed. On! on! never mind the rough track: it's death if you leave it; it's death, most likely, if you remain. There is one chance, and only one—if you reach Dartford City and give the alarm!

"Press on, Seth, it's nigh midnight." So whispered Tom, as the engine swung around the curve. There, seemingly motionless, was the other engine. Faster and faster rattled the pursuer. They were seen at last. The men were visible through the glass for an instant.

"Lie down!" roared Seth.

Only just in time. Two bullets came crashing overhead; another hit the handle of the steam whistle and sent out a scream of defiance into the night. Seth rose slowly, and, pistol in hand, watched the foe.

"He's goin' to race us, but he don't know the trick of firin' '200.' Tom. We'll pass him and then——"

Seth's face, as he spoke and clutched his revolver, was sufficient to explain his meaning without words.

On, on, speeding across the prairie! Now Seth was gaining, now the others shot ahead.

"More wood into the furnace; pile it in, Tom," cried Seth—that's it—now——"

A bullet from Seth's steady hand passed through the glass of the other window and shattered the driving arm of the man who held the regulator.

"Bully!" exclaimed the delighted Seth. "Now for another log." The fire was blown up, and like an arrow the engines flew along; but no more shots were exchanged, for as they were running neck and neck for one instant Seth perceived a light on the line ahead, and before his companion was aware of his intention shut off the steam. The other engine fled away into the darkness, leaving Seth and Tom far behind.

"What did you shut off for?" cried Tom in amazement.

"Look ahead and you'll know," was the grim reply.

Tom looked ahead.

A weird light was playing on the track, a halo of unearthly appearance. It simmered and moved about like a will-o'-the-wisp. It was a most ghastly white mist—a ghostly warning.

"What can it be?" said Tom, his superstitious terrors being now excited. "What is it?"

"It's a light, that's all," said Seth, with a fiendish grin. "I know it though: I've seen it before. There's somebody underneath the rails in the bridge, and you bet they're cutting the track for the specie train!"

"Gracious Heaven, and that engine!"

"That engine will be in the river in two minutes," said Seth Martin.

"Oh! hurry up and save them if we can!" exclaimed Tom. "Go ahead!"

"Gently, mate, gently; let them get on a bit."

He turned on the steam, but ere they had passed half the distance in the direction of the light a loud crash was heard, and, amid screams of human agony, the Trestle Bridge sank down—down—gently, slowly, but surely, to the stream below. The ponderous engine dipped forward, gave one heavy roll, righted again, and then, turning completely over, fell with a thundering noise down into the canon below.

The lights were suddenly extinguished, and the piercing screams of wounded and scalded men arose, mingled with the hissing steam and the dull roar of thunder. The storm had burst.

"Caught in their own trap!" cried Seth. "Serves them right! Poor critters, I'm kinder sorry, too."

"Let us help them," said Tom.

"Help! yes; let us run to Dartford and stop the traffic; the specie is due in ten minutes."

"Cross that bridge!" exclaimed the fireman.

"Yes, sir, across that bridge. I'm a-goin' to try it," said Seth. "Will you chance it."

"Yes," was the brave answer; "it's kill or cure!"

"Here goes then; shake hands. God bless ye, mate; if we don't meet again, tell them I died at my post like a man."

The driver and fireman clasped hands in silence, and Seth turning on the full pressure of steam, the engine gathered itself up for the final race.

Not a sound escaped either of the men. Side by side they stood. As they approached they could see a red glare. The bridge had caught fire. As they shot past, a form or two hurried quickly out of sight—some of the desperate band now cowed and crushed. In a moment more the bridge was in full view. The crackling timbers of the up line were all burning around the mighty monster engine, which still emitted smoke and flame. As a flash of lighting will in one brief second reveal all surrounding objects distinctly, so the glare of the engine furnace lit up the scene below. The engine dashed along—a roar, a creaking noise, the flame leaped up beneath—and the danger was over. The down line had not been undermined.

As they slackened speed a long deep whistle was heard, and a dim speck was seen like a pin's head on the line in front.

"There's the specie, Tom. We've done our duty. Run down easy and then see if we can't help the unfortunate loafers under the bridge. It was a narrow squeak!"

It was, indeed: The specie train was saved though, and the filibusters taken in the act. Three were drowned, and two more so terribly injured that they died soon after from the effects. Seth and Tom were rewarded, and the former was subsequently made inspector; but he and Tom often talk of that summer night when they were so nearly killed while running pilot.

THE JEWS IN VIENNA.—There is probably no city in all Europe, or indeed in Asia or America, which contains so many and so influential Jews as Vienna. They are said to number not far from 200,000, and they hold many of the most prominent and important places in the community. In commerce they are very powerful, the trade of the capital being largely in their hands. Many of the leading firms are Jewish, and the banking business is almost entirely controlled by Jews. The press is for the most part written, and managed by Jews; many of the musicians (Vienna is nothing if not musical) are Jews; the restaurant and inns are kept by Jews; the richest men are Jews and the prettiest women are Jewesses.

## The Gift of the Frost-King.

BY CELANIRE.

It is winter. The sky is all one dull gray hue, and the wind howls dismally among the trees. Soon it dies away, and there is a hush in the air—a sort of expectant stillness. All the land waits for the coming of the Frost-King.

He draws near, and the air grows cold, the rivers freeze, and the earth puts on her icy robe to receive him. As he passes by he scatters, far and wide, snow flowers—his gift to the waiting earth; and crowds of the delicate, star-shaped crystals flutter to the ground, until they have covered all the land.

Why is it that the earth receives her gift joyously? Listen.

Sometime or other—no one but God himself knows just when—these crystals were formed in the laboratory of the upper air. First, the busy, restless sprites of chemical attraction joined two curious gases—oxygen and hydrogen—in close union; and these, the servants of the Frost-King have fashioned into snow-flowers, to be strewn over the earth.

But in each snow-blossom, or crystal, a spirit sleeps, like a baby in its cradle. By and by the warm sunshine will waken the sleeping spirit, and it will sink into the broad bosom of the earth, like a child into the arms of its mother. That is why the earth rejoices over the Frost-King's gift.

* * * * *

Drip, drip, drip! It is early springtime now, and the snow on the mountains is beginning to melt and trickle over the rocks. The sun has touched it with his magic wand, and the spirits that slept in the snowflakes all winter long, are just waking up as tiny drops of water. One after the other they slip down the mountain, over rocks and stones, under fallen trees, until they reach a warm spot, and sink into the earth's bosom.

But even there they rest only for a while. The foremost ones are pushed on by those, and must force their way somewhere. So they work themselves a path with their soft fingers down through the leaf mould, around the roots of trees, or over beds of clay, or slate, or limestone.

Now they sink deep into the earth, and rest for a while; now they are pushed upward by those behind them; and so, moving always forward, they come again to open daylight, and gush forth in a clear, sparkling spring on the hillside.

It is but the smallest of springs that gurgles out of the ground, and the tiniest of rills that trickles from it down the mountain; yet it is not so tiny but that the moss and the young spring grasses are the greener for its passing; not so tiny but that a thirsty bird can dip his bill in it and be refreshed.

By and by the rill is joined by another, and still by others; and the drops of water, swollen now to a goodly company, race more swiftly down the mountain.

Soon the stream grows to a foaming, impetuous brook, that leaps madly from rock to rock, or flings itself headlong over precipices. No longer creeping under fallen twigs and branches of trees, it lifts them up and bears them proudly along, and even drags great logs in its current.

Now it turns a mill-wheel as it rushes by; now it lingers for a moment in some covered, rocky basin, to catch the pink and white laurel blossoms as they fall; then, suddenly plunging over the rocks, veils the grim, overhanging trees in a cloud of spray.

So it leaps and foams, down, down, till it reaches the valley below. Now it flows more quietly, though almost as fast, through forest and meadow, hurrying to join the great ocean further on.

And still, its presence is everywhere a blessing. The grass is greenest along its margin, and ferns and wild flowers bloom there more profusely. Even the trees—oak, chestnut and marsh willow, are fain to droop their branches, or reach their long, finger-like roots into the cool stream.

At noon, when the sun's heat makes the drops rise as mist, the dew-fairies come to fill their pitchers with the vapor, and bear it away to water the far-off trees and flowers, when the sun shall have set.

All along its course cattle come to drink, or stand knee-deep in some quiet, shady pool; sometimes a troop of merry school-children hasten to paddle gleefully in the water, or build miniature bridges and dams.

Soon its channel widens and deepens to a river, and it flows past villages and cities. Tall ships float on its bosom, carrying from one city to another the grain and fruit grown along its course.

Why should not great rivers flow placidly? Does not each drop of water in the stream rejoice over the work done, and over the thought that but for the coming of it and its fellows, the land would never have been so fruitful?

Hark! in the distance the dull boom of the breakers on the beach. The river hears, and trembles with delight; then gathering itself for one mighty effort, it rushes past the tall ships swinging at anchor, the villages on either shore, the low marsh lands and their outlying islands, headlong to the great sea.

* * * * *

On the bosom of the ocean, millions of drops of water rise and fall with every pulsation. They sparkle on the crest of every wave; they fringe the beach with foam; and often the sun draws them up and carries them, invisible, back to the mountains, to renew their journey to the ocean.

Yet to each drop there comes a day when its restless labor is over; when the sprites of chemical attraction dissolve it back to the two gases from which it sprang.

But the spirit, the force that was in the drop of water?

Ah, that is not lost. It has only passed on to a new life. Force in nature, like the soul in man, cannot die.

LOOKING BACK.—The superstition of the ill luck of looking back or returning is nearly as old as the world itself, having doubtless originated in Lot's wife "having looked back from behind him," when he was fled, with his family and cattle, by an angel outside the doomed city of the plain. Whether walking or riding, the wife was behind the husband, according to a custom still prevalent in the east, where no woman walks beside her husband. In Robert's "Oriental Illustrations" it is stated to be "considered exceedingly unfortunate for men and women to look back when they leave their house. Accordingly, if a man goes out and leaves something behind which his wife knows he will want, she does not call him to turn or look back, but takes or sends it after him; and if some great emergency obliges him to look back, he will not then proceed on the business he was about to transact."

## News of Interest

St. Petersburg has 68,000 houses.

The French army requires 90,000 horses.

Beer gardens have proved a failure in Boston.

The next new territory is to be called Oklahoma.

Five million people have died of starvation in China.

Americans consume twice as much salt as the British.

Over 1800 British steamships have been idle for a year.

Petroleum was first sold as a liniment called Seneca oil.

More lemonade, less sickness, says a Boston physician.

Ohio will thresh out 16,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.

The most danger from sunstrokes occurs in muggy weather.

The muscles of the human jaw exert a force of 534 pounds.

An ordinary gas flame requires as much air as nine persons.

Square umbrellas are a London device, but don't take well.

Reindeer are to be employed in Manitoba as draught animals.

The annual salary of Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, is $125,000.

King Humbert of Italy keeps his hair always "sandpapered."

The New Orleans monument to General Lee will be 106 feet high.

A leading physician says heat is the sole cause of cholera infantum.

Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land.

In France there is a society for the prevention of the abuse of tobacco.

The nose will recognize the 1,300,000th part of a grain of attar of roses.

A cat of Dawley, England, has walked 70 miles to get back to her home.

Among the royal visitors in England is King George, of Bonny, Africa.

A Georgia item tells of a tramp who had "no shoes on except the strings."

Mme. MacMahon is described as short and stout, and of a not impressive presence.

The common string telephone has been in use in East India from time immemorial.

London is to have a new bridge over the Thames to cost something like $10,000,000.

North Carolina contains 1025 distilleries, the largest number of any State in the Union.

Mrs. Craig, of Columbus, Kan., lately gave birth to four children, two girls and two boys.

Lightning recently knocked a knitting needle out of the hand of a young lady in Montreal.

There has been only one cubic mile of coal mined in England since the island was discovered.

Albani has been engaged to sing at St. Petersburg next winter, at $1400 a night for two nights a week.

A man named King, of Massachusetts, lately coughed up a splinter of wood which penetrated his face fully twenty-nine years ago.

A book on the polarization of light, by Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son, is to be published in London the present year.

There are few positions more enviable than that of the English judge—salary $25,000 a year, with a pension of $15,000 on his retirement.

The Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince of Denmark, her brother, and the heir to the Belgian throne, are all of them partially deaf.

An Atlanta (Ga.) judge has decided that shaving is a moral necessity, and the barber shops there are again opened on Sunday mornings.

Colonel Forney says the artists in Paris and Rome are not as well paid, as a class, as are the good house painters of the city of Philadelphia.

In Sama county, Russia, wolves in 1876 devoured 3880 horses and cattle, 36,080 sheep and hogs, 22,000 chickens, ducks and geese, and 1089 dogs.

The American girls have scandalized pious Paris by fanning themselves in church. They were admonished to stop fanning or retire, and retired.

Jimmy Blanchard, the smart boy who made such a sensation by pretending to be Charlie Ross, has been arrested in New Hampshire for burglary.

A woman was lately before the Rochester (N. Y.) police court who had been arrested 135 times. Her trouble is her temper, but her husband likes her.

New York city has a club called the "Full-bearded Company," consisting of forty members with beards ranging in length from two feet to four feet six inches.

A dozen of the fairest and most intelligent girls of New London, Conn., have leased a farm house at Great Neck, Waterford, for the summer, and will rusticate by themselves.

The famous Italian painter, Cremona, who died recently, used to mix his colors in the palm of his hand. The oxide of lead in the colors gradually became absorbed into his system, and caused death.

The Rev. John Jasper is laid completely in the shade by the Rev. Moses Royle, of Evansville, Ind., who is lecturing on the record of the African race, which he holds were the originators of all civilization, science and art.

Lady Blanche Murphy, well known in literature, is a daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough. She ran away with her music teacher and married him, for which her stern parents disinherited her, and the poor thing had to go to writing for the newspapers, it is said.

The brain and heart are the chief instruments of the lungs, and are alike insensible. The cerebrum may be pressed or cut without pain, and in the time of Harvey a young man had his heart exposed by a disease, and Harvey handled it without his fingers being felt.

Mrs. Langtrey, the reigning London beauty, did a spirited thing the other day. In the midst of an admiring circle she asked her husband to introduce her to a certain well known gentleman. He did. The gentleman, flattered, smiled and bowed, while the beauty, giving him her handkerchief, said: "I want you to wipe off paint from my face, as I hear you say at the clubs that I am painted."

Americans who have married into royal families are not rare. Miss Perkins, of Boston, married a Bourbon; her children are godchildren of the Queen of Spain's mother, and cousins of the King of Spain and of the Orleans family. Miss Polk recently became niece of the Comte de Chambord, the Duchess of Parma and Modena, and cousin of the Emperor of Austria and of the Orleans family. The Princess Murat and the Duchess de Mouchy have American mothers. Three princes of the Bonaparte family married American girls. Daniel Webster's and Samuel Appleton's grandaughter is the wife of Jerome Bonaparte's grandson.

**My Dear Madam,**

don't suppose, because you happen to be forty, or even forty-five, that you have outlived all the charms of your girlhood. You can summon back at least one attraction of your earlier days with LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which will restore to your complexion its former purity and smoothness. You may also rely upon its doing this without endangering your health.

### DESERTED.

A briery lane, where wild birds sing
All through the summer day;
A beech tree old, whose branches fling
Long shadows o'er the way.

A nest, built up in the rustling boughs,
Lined soft with moss, so green,
A tiny dwelling—a woodland house,
With leaves for a sheltering screen.

Three delicate eggs, that pearl-like lie
Beneath two brooding wings,
A mate that hovers all watchful by,
Or sits beside and sings.

A careless boy, with a pitiless heart,
That cares not for lovely things;
A bird that rises with timid start,
On scared and flattering wings.

A sorrowful note of plaint and woe
Rings out on the quiet air,
And the pearl-like eggs lie crushed below,
On the beech roots old and bare.

And still in the boughs of the old beech tree,
'Mid its rustling sprays of green,
The deserted nest you still may see
Peep out from its verdant screen.

But the bird on its gay and gladsome wing
Returns to the nest no more;
And the mate that would sit on the boughs and sing,
His summer songs are o'er.

And naught can bring from the happy Past
When light and love have fled,
(Though the walls of the dear old home may last),
But memories of the dead.

# ERCELDEAN.

—OR—

## The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

The proud soul of Beatrix Lennox was all in arms, yet what could she do, what could she say? She had certainly received the congratulations at the State ball with a smile and bow of acquiescence; she could not go back now and say that her forthcoming marriage with the Duke of Heathland was all a mistake—if she did, the world would call her changeable, fickle. It was a serious dilemma. The idea came to her, would it not be better to let matters proceed? The Duke loved her very dearly, he would be devoted to her, he would be happy beyond words, and her mother and her uncle would be delighted. The Duke could place her in a high position—he could make her the richest and most envied Peeress in England. It would be better perhaps now to let matters take their course. She did not love him, but he loved her; and, after all, it was uncertain whether she should like any one better. Her face flushed again as she thought of Beltran. If he had been with her, if he had sought her, matters would have been different. Then she remembered Lady Rayner's warning, and some half-forgotten words came to her—"To thine own self be true." She would be false to herself if she married one whom she did not love.

Beatrix might as well have tried to stop the flowing of the tide as to stem the torrent of congratulation that poured in upon her. It was equally useless to attempt to explain the mistake or to laugh it away. "The future Duchess is modest over her good fortune," people said to one another with a smile. On the night of the State ball, too, she had reached the summit of her social triumphs. It was worth remembering. She was the observed of all observers. The Duke himself was not present; he had been suddenly summoned to Wales, and expected to be absent about three days. If he had been at the ball there would have been a speedy settlement of the question of their engagement.

The longer Beatrix had for reflection the more doubtful she grew. If she had followed her own impulse and instinct, she would at once have written to the Duke and asked him to absent himself from her altogether, as even their friendship was at an end; but she began to perceive that there were social considerations to be taken into account—the Gordian knot was not to be so easily severed. After seeming to accept with a smile high congratulation, she could not turn round and say, "There will be no such marriage—it is all a mistake." She thought that perhaps the Duchess of Elmslie might help her out of the dilemma; but the Duchess, seeing how matters stood, would not hear of her godchild's withdrawal. There seemed to be no help for her. Every one considered it a settled thing that she was to marry the Duke, and if she made any attempt at denial people would laugh and call her shy. What should she do?

It was very hard. Even gentle Lady Ailsa, her mother, had clasped her in her arms and said—

"Trixie, I am very happy; you have been congratulated by the highest in the land. You are very fortunate to marry a man at once so good, so fond of you, and so eligible as the Duke."

"I do not want to marry him, mamma," she had replied. "Listen to me—it is all a mistake."

But Lady Ailsa had placed her finger on her trembling lips and would not hear a word.

"Beatrix," said her uncle, a few days afterwards, "I cannot say much—I have not the gift of being able to give due expression to my feelings; but I am pleased with you—I am proud of you. You have most nobly redeemed your promise to me; you have studied the interest of our house, and you have done well for the honor of your race."

"All that means what, my dear uncle?" she asked.

"That I am more delighted than I can possibly say as regards your marriage with the Duke, Trixie. If I had chosen from the whole world, he is just the husband that I would have chosen for you; every wish of my heart is gratified by your choice."

She looked up earnestly at him, her heart aching with the utter sense of her inability to free herself from the network in which she was entangled.

"My dear uncle," she said, "I have never promised to marry the Duke, he wished me to try and like him, and would not be satisfied unless I kept him as it were on probation. I have never thought of marrying him."

His face darkened; he looked up impatiently.

"It is too late in the day, Beatrix, for that kind of nonsense; you may not have consented in so many words, but you have done so in spirit. Moreover, you have accepted congratulations from such high quarters that to draw back now would be to expose yourself and your relatives to ridicule; you are publicly compromised."

"It was all a mistake," she said. "I had not heard of that horrible paragraph. People ought to be punished for inserting such things."

"Beatrix" asked her uncle calmly, "what do you object to in the Duke? To me he seems one of the most amiable and charming of men."

"I have no objection to him, except this that I do not love him," she replied.

"I thought you were above such sentimental nonsense," said her uncle. "I should like to give the world my ideas upon that absurd fantasy which boys and girls call love. Beatrix, for the honor of Erceldean, for the honor of the race whose name you bear, you must marry the Duke."

She asked herself could it be possible that against her own inclination, honor would compel her to marry? She remembered Lady Rayner's words—"There can be no dishonor so great as that of a woman who marries without love." She was filled with doubt. At almost every hour in the day there came letters of congratulation upon the approaching marriage; the report was universally believed.

"She can never draw back now," said the Duchess, who alone seemed to understand how matters stood; "there could not have been a more fortunate thing for the Duke than that premature paragraph."

It appeared now to Beatrix that she held the balance of her life in her own hand. She could see no way out of her difficulty, for the honor of her race, the welfare of her house, the happiness of those who loved her, all depended—so they said—on her marriage with the Duke.

Life did not seem to hold anything bright for her. It was all dreary and blank. Is she was true to herself and refused him, her life would be filled with bitterness. The Duchess said that socially she would be "branded." Her uncle would accuse her of neglecting what was due to the honor of the Lennoxes. If she accepted the Duke, she should weary of everything; she should hate herself for her weakness.

How she longed for the quiet of Strathnarn! "If they had but left me in peace!" she said. "I knew how it would be when I left my mountain-home for the world of men. How tired I feel!"

She wished that she had more worldly knowledge; she wondered if what her relatives said was really true—that she had compromised herself by her seeming acquiescence in the congratulations at the State ball. Then her better self rebelled against the thought. Her fate was in her own hands; it was for her to decide upon her own destiny; her future life was not to be based upon a few mistaken words.

She was greatly perplexed; the sweet face grew restless. She longed sometimes for some one to fight her battle, to cut the Gordian knot for her—for some one to direct her—to say to her, "You must do," or "You must leave undone." For the first time in her life she wanted a stronger heart than her own, a stronger will, a stronger mind to guide her.

There were so many reasons for the marriage; there was nothing against it but the fact that she did not love the Duke. Time had been when she thought little enough of love—when it seemed to her an absurd kind of passion that people estimated unduly. She had altered her mind lately. Yet practical people, such as the Duchess, Mrs. Carden, and her uncle Lennox, scoffed at love. Oh, for some one to advise her, for she mistrusted herself! Yet more; her uncle seemed to think that she ought to be grateful.

"Down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love,"

were Rosalind's words to Phebe; and Peter Lennox was evidently inclined to use the same or the like, while his proud niece was perplexed by a hundred doubts and fears.

The little paragraph in the *Court Journal* had been copied and recopied. One of the first to see it was Beltran Carew, who had just returned from Athens.

His mother folded the paper and placed it on the table so that he could not avoid seeing it, and then with kindly consideration left him to read it alone. She went back in half an hour and found him with his head bent over the paper and his face hidden. She was almost shocked at the terrible change in his face when he raised it to hers. He laughed a low bitter laugh that made her heart ache as she listened.

"That shows me, mother, how I have deceived myself," he said. "I thought I had trampled all the fire out of my love. I thought I had schooled myself even to meet her and not care. Why, I find that I have been living upon love—and here is my death warrant! It was the Duke she cared for after all."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Carew coolly.

"It is certain. You have read this? You see what the paper says, mother?"

"I have seen some very glaring untruths even in the most veracious journals," she said; and then, looking at him, she asked, "Do you love Miss Lennox so very dearly, my boy?"

"I love her so well, mother, that the life almost dies within me when I think of her belonging to another. I love her so well that when she marries that man I shall go to Africa and never come back. I cannot live without her."

The handsome face was covered with his hands, and he sat silent. Mrs. Carew looked at him for a few minutes, and then resumed her occupation; but she sang as she worked—an unusual thing for her—

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?"

She sang the words over again until they attracted his attention. He looked at her.

"Mother," he said quietly, "do you mean those words for me?"

"Yes, I do, Beltran. Sitting there with white face and lack-lustre eyes will not help you. I have a suggestion to make. Go and see Miss Lennox, and ask her if the announcement is true. If she says 'Yes,' you must do the best you can with your life; if she says 'No,' win her. After all, what is a little gold or a long pedigree compared with the true, real, pure love of such a heart as yours? Go and learn your fate from her own lips, Beltran, and abide by that fate, let it be what it may."

"I will," he replied, and the next moment he stood up. "Wish me God-speed, mother," he said; and in her sweetest voice Mrs. Carew responded—

"Heaven speed you, my son!"

She stood musing for a short time after he had quitted the room—musing, with a strange expression on her face—and then to herself she said, "It was a strange fate that brought this about, but I foresee the end."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I will go to Miss Lennox's house at once," said Beltran to himself, after leaving his mother. "I will not try to meet her by chance—I will do everything openly. I will ask to see her and then tell her why I am come. She cannot be very angry," he thought, after a short pause. "After all, a man cannot pay any woman a greater compliment than to give her the love of an honest heart. She will smile half sadly at me with those perfect lips of hers—perhaps the hand that touches mine will have a diamond ring on it that he has given her. Ah, well, may she be blessed, whatever way it be! She is the sweetest and fairest woman on earth. I wonder now how I dared to call her my queen."

Fortune favored him. He knocked at the hall door and was told that Mr. Lennox and Lady Lennox were not at home—that they were not expected home until four—but that Miss Lennox was disengaged.

Peter Lennox and Lady Ailsa had gone to take a quiet luncheon with the Duchess of Elmslie, at whose house they intended to discuss quite at their ease all the details of the wedding; while Beatrix sat alone in the superb drawing-room, trying to decide what was best and right for her to do. She glanced listlessly enough at the card the servant brought in, but when she saw the name her coldness deserted her; the sweet face was transformed, her eyes fill with lovely light, her lips parted with a smile.

She held out both her hands to Beltran on his entrance. His jealous eyes looked quickly at them—there was no engagement-ring on her finger. Quite silently he clasped the outstretched hands—their meeting was so sweet, so pleasant, and it would be over so soon. He had come for his "death-warrant; and when the beautiful lips had uttered it he should go away and never look upon her face again. So he held the soft hands, speaking no words to her, only drinking in the beauty that was so soon to gladden his eyes no more.

The morning sunlight filled the gorgeous room, falling upon the white statues and the crimson flowers, upon the gold and the marble, the buhl and marquetry, upon jewelled vases, splendid mirrors, choice pictures, upon the white dress, the flower-like face and lustrous hair of beautiful Beatrix, more lovely, he thought than he had ever seen her.

She did not seem to remember that he was clasping her hands.

"I am very glad to see you back again," she said. "I was so sorry when you went away."

"I am presumptuous, I know," he told her—"I cannot help it—I have only called to ask you is it true?"

"Is what true?" she asked. She had completely forgotten the paragraph in the newspaper, as she had forgotten everything else, in her joy at seeing him again.

"Is it true that you are about to marry the Duke of Heathland?" he inquired.

A lovely flush rose to her face, her heart beat fast, but "Prince Charlie's" daughter made one last effort in defence of her maidenly independence. "I cannot understand why you should ask me that question, Mr. Carew," she said, and that was perhaps the least truthful sentence she had ever uttered.

"Will you not sit down?" she added. "And will you release my hands?" she was about to say, but something in his face prevented her.

"I will not sit down, thank you. I will stand just where I am, holding your hands in mine, while you pronounce sentence of banishment upon me."

The dark eyes filled with pain.

"Sentence of banishment, Mr. Carew? Nay, you will never hear such a sentence from me."

"She looked at him as one who awakes;
He looked at her as a lover can;
The past was a sleep, and here life began."

Some such look as Robert Browning describes passed between them, and she grew strangely still.

"You cannot understand why I should ask you that question. Let me tell you—you can send me but angrily away—it is because I am mad, because from the first moment that I beheld your face until now I have loved you with a love that has been my doom. I know it is madness, but such madness makes a man's life sweet to him, Beatrix—this once let me call you 'Beatrix.' I have been mad enough to love you. Dear Heaven, if I could but tell you how no other face, sweet, has come between me and Heaven save yours! Everything speaks of you. The waves murmur and the brooks sing 'Beatrix.' I know no other word, your name, so sweet, so simple, fills the world for me. I did not know that I loved you. I never said to myself, 'She is the fairest among women, and I will win her.' I drifted as a leaf drifts down the stream. I dreamed as a child dreams. I wake to find myself struggling with a man's love, a man's despair. I went away while I had strength to go. You are not angry with me, sweet?"

"I am not angry," she replied, all unconscious of the story that her down-cast eyes and drooping face told, all unconscious that she still stood with her hands clasped in his.

"I went away because I felt that if I saw you again I must tell you all, and that in the telling I might lose you. I thought that when I was far away from you I should forget you, I should learn to love you less. I have studied hard, I have worked hard, and have returned quite as mad as when I went away. The first thing that I saw on my arrival in England was the announcement of your betrothal; and I have come to ask you, Is it true?"

"No," she replied, "it is not true."

The sudden gleam of happiness in his face startled her.

"Not true? Thank Heaven! Oh, Beatrix, permit me to ask, do you love this great and mighty Duke who has so much to offer you?"

"You do not deserve to know," she said; and his heart grew lighter at the words.

"Why do I not?" he asked.

"One would think—that is, I should imagine——" And then she stopped.

"You would imagine what, Beatrix?"

"I should think that, if you had really been anxious to know, you would have asked me instead of going to Athens," she said.

"I dared not."

"Why, Mr. Carew?" she asked briefly.

"Why? Because you are a great heiress, a brilliant belle, a queen of fashion, and I am a poor barrister with no fortune."

"What nonsense!" cried Beatrix; and in some vague way, though the words were rather commonplace, he seemed to find a great deal of encouragement in them.

"Nonsense? Nay, it is hardly that. Had I acted otherwise, it would have been the case of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid reversed."

"It would have been no such thing," she rejoined quickly.

"You have all, Beatrix, and I have nothing," he said. "If the world were mine, I would lay it at your feet, I would give you everything."

"Are you the only generous person in existence?" she asked.

A sudden passionate fire flamed in his eyes, his lips trembled, the strong hands tightened their clasp.

"Mind, Beatrix," he cried, "or you will drive me mad!"

"I do not want you to go mad," she said—"I want you to be cool and sensible."

"Standing here, Beatrix, looking at you, it is very difficult to be that."

"Then do not look at me," she said.

"As though I could help it! I shall go away ten thousand times happier than I came."

"Are you going to Athens again?" she asked quietly.

"No, I shall stay here now. Oh, Beatrix, I love you so dearly! How rejoiced I should be if you could learn to care for me?"

"You have never asked me," she said.

"Have I not? The distance between us is so great; it seems to me as useless to ask you as to stretch out my hands to touch a bright star, you are so far above me. But, Beatrix, you are not angry; you hear me say these things, and your dear face does not frown upon me? I am growing giddy—it cannot be possible that you are willing to care for me—I must be dreaming!"

"You have never asked me," she repeated; but he saw that her face had grown as white as death.

"I ask you now, my darling, my beautiful love—will you try to care for me? I am not worthy, but I love you as no other man could. I fear to ask, yet it must be true—do you care for me a little?"

"Not a little—can you not guess?" she said.

"Is it possible, Beatrix, that you love me?"

The gravity of her face was broken by gleams of rosy, tender light; the dark eyes looked for a moment into his own, then she was clasped in his arms.

"I cannot believe it!" he cried.

"You were always my hero," said Beatrix, as though excusing herself—"always. I thought you from the first like King Arthur."

"This is happiness!" he exclaimed. "My proud, beautiful Beatrix—is it true that I have won you at last?"

Time passed unheeded—"Prince Charlie's" daughter has found her haven of rest.

"I cannot understand it," she said—"I can hardly believe that I care so much for you. Why is it?"

"Say, 'Why is it, Beltran?'" and then I will tell you," he answered.

"Why is it, Beltran?" she repeated; and he replied—

"The arrow to the quiver,
The wild bird to the tree,
The stream to meet the river,
And the river to the sea.
The waves are wedded on the beach,
The shadows on the lea,
And like to like, and each to each,
And I—to thee."

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

The sound of carriage-wheels roused Beatrix and Beltran from their trance of delight. Beatrix looked at her lover.

"They are come," she said; and the proud face grew pale as from some great emotion.

Beltran kissed the sweet lips that had always bidden such defiance to love.

"There will be a battle to fight, my darling," he said. "Oh, Beatrix, my heart misgives me! I have been selfish. I ought never have told you of my love."

"Would it have been better then to have left me to be unhappy for ever?" she asked.

"No, that would not have been right; but I am sorely afraid, my queen that you will have much to suffer for my sake."

"Then I shall not repine," she told him. "Listen to me, Beltran. I belong to a race that does nothing by halves; we are thorough, earnest, single minded. When we love, we love in truth, without thought of sacrifice. When we hate, we hate deeply. 'Remorseless as a Lennox' was an old saying in days gone by. We have lost the barbarism of that time; but we have kept the strong faith and earnest nature."

He was about to interrupt her, but she stood before him, her white robes trailing on the ground, her hand upraised in warning.

"Listen to me," she said—"I have more to say. You know that at one time I disbelieved in love and lovers. I thought the passion absurd when I was an ignorant young girl at Strathnarn; in the insolence of my pride and folly I called love a peg for poets to hang pretty thoughts on. Then," she continued, "when I came into this great world that I had known only in books, I found love something more than a comedy—something, at times, more terrible than a tragedy. I found meanness, greed, hatred, ambition, all assuming the name of love; and so I scorned it with double scorn. It was but a mask, I discovered, which worldlings wore to hide their sins and weakness. I detested the sound of the word when it was uttered to me."

"My darling!" he interposed gently.

"You must listen to me," she continued, smiling. "I had quite made up my mind to avoid love, to live for what I considered higher things; and until I saw you, Beltran, I kept to my resolve. I listened with contempt to the sickly love-stories poured every day into my ear; the Duke of Heathland was the only man I respected, but I never dreamed of loving him. When I saw you first—well, I need not make a long confession, Beltran."

"The longer it is the better I shall like it," he said.

"From the first you were quite different from others. My life seemed suddenly to grow complete."

"My darling!" he interrupted.

"If you say another word, Beltran," she laughed, "I shall be silent."

He bowed and kissed the hand she held up in warning.

"I have thought it well over," she said, with charming candor. "I own my weakness—I plead guilty to my former error—the love I treated with such scorn has in its turn conquered me; and now—now," she repeated, her face flushing, her eyes filling with light, "I bow my head willingly to my master, and own his rule."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MY FLIRTATION.

BY MAUDE MURRIE.

I had plenty of beaux when I was young, and liked that very well. However, I had heart enough at bottom, and when Stephen Lashley asked me to marry him, in the end I consented, though I kept him in suspense a long time first.

Neither Steve nor I were rich. My father had a sufficient income to keep his family in a good style of living; but he saved nothing, and I could expect nothing from him when I married. Steve had just begun to practise medicine, and was struggling on as young doctors must. There was a pretty house just outside the town, that Steve and I had had our eyes on a long time, and I had promised to be his wife as soon as he could call it his own.

By dint of such struggling and economy as I could never have guessed, he had put by enough for the first payment, and was plodding patiently on towards the second and last.

Our town was something of a fashionable resort in the summer; and many of the people were in the habit of taking boarders then. Father had always objected to our doing so—but this summer of which I speak he fell in with a stranger, as he was returning from a long ride in the country, who, having shared his phaeton with him during the homeward drive, succeeded in so ingratiating himself with my father, that he allowed him to board with us.

The stranger was very much in my line—distinguished-looking, possessing an eloquent pair of eyes nearly the color of my own, and having a propensity for saying "pretty things," that was just delicious to a girl of my turn. It was such fun to draw him out, and then laugh at him; to pretend pleasure, then shyness; to invite and repulse in the same breath. It was a genuine flirtation, as much so to him as to me.

Everybody but Steve liked Mr. Fordyce. He was an immensely popular man in our small community, entering as he did with such genuine zest into all our interests, and bearing himself genially towards all.

When Parson Hammond, who lived nearest to us, lost a valuable horse from his stable, and came over to our house to consult about pursuing the thief, Mr. Fordyce, though he only had just got home from a jaunt with some friends, which had kept him the most of the night, insisted upon being one of the pursuing party, and, indeed, quite led it. It was the same way when Mr. Dudevant's shop was broken open and robbed. Mr. Fordyce went over and over the ground, and gave shrewder guesses as to how the robbery had been managed than any one else. When other thefts of a similar nature, and also of lesser degree, continued to vex and puzzle us from time to time, it was Mr. Fordyce who insisted upon severe measures, prevailed upon the authorities to offer large rewards for the apprehension of the offenders, and made himself so active in the matter as to win the gratitude of the whole town.

One night there was a party at Steve's father's. It was Marian's birthday. Mr. Fordyce took me over about eight o'clock. It was a gay party. We had dancing, which we did not always, and the music and the supper were good. I danced with Steve several times, and being in fine spirits, found it rather difficult to maintain the distance I had lately adopted towards him.

"Come into the garden a minute, Bell," he whispered to me at the close of a dance; "I have something to tell you!"—and for my life I could not say no.

When we were in the bright moonlit garden, he stopped where a clump of lilac-bushes hid us from the house, and drew from his bosom a roll of notes.

"I shall finish paying for our house to-morrow, dear," he said, in a voice that exceeding happiness made tremulous. "I drew the money from the bank to-day, five hundred dollars. Ah, how I have worked for this hour!"

I should have been harder than a millstone if I had not forgotten all my foolish anger at that moment, if I had not melted rather from my coldness; for I was glad as he was, and I dropped my head on his shoulder there in the moonlight, and cried happy, happy, remorseful tears.

"Steve," I said, "you shall let me keep the money for you till morning. I shall think I have dreamed it if you don't."

Steve laughed, but he let me have my way.

As we turned towards the house, for a single instance I thought I saw the shadow of a man across our path; but looking back, I saw nothing but the lilac-bushes tossing gently in the summer air.

"What is the matter?" said Steve, noticing my backward gaze.

"I thought I saw the figure of a man crossing the path," I replied.

"Nonsense!" said he; and we went indoors.

The party broke up about twelve o'clock; *that* was late for *us*, and Mr. Fordyce having brought me there, took me home. On the way, he told me of another robbery that had taken place the night before at one of the hotels. Perhaps it was this story that made me, tired as I was, bestow some thought on a hiding-place for Steve's money. I pondered the matter very seriously while I took down my hair and arranged it for the night; and then, with a laugh at my own ingenuity, I tucked the roll of notes in among my luxurious tresses, and drew a net over, to hold all in place. I was asleep almost the instant my head touched the pillow.

I ought to have slept soundly, and dreamed happy dreams; but I did not. Some counter influence seemed to ruffle my slumbers, and at last I awoke.

Some one was in the room. I knew it as well as though I could see, and the room was too dark for that. There was no sound either; but, for all that, I knew I was not alone. I tried to scream, to raise my voice. I could not make a sound. I was frozen with terror.

Suddenly, without the warning of a breath, I was conscious that a hand was creeping stealthily about my pillow.

I did not think of the money even then. As terror had stolen my senses, so now it brought some of them back. I gave one scream, and sprang from the bed, or tried to. Two strong hands stopped me; a firm hand held me, while the other hand vainly sought to loose my hair. The *net*, more obstinate than nets usually are, *would not come off*, probably because, in his hurry, my mysterious assailant was unconscious of its pliant meshes. He pulled my hair, in his awkward attempts, horribly. The mere pain was like a spur to me. As his arm lay across my arms, I bent my head swiftly, and fastened my teeth upon it with a vicious snap that only a woman in my situation would have been capable of.

The unexpectedness of the attack dissolved my bonds. With an audible oath, he let me go, and I darted away with winged feet, and met father in the passage. Of course I fainted then and there; and by the time anybody got into my room my robber had made good his escape.

Alas, however, he should not have allowed himself to swear, above all, at a woman with such acute ears as I had. I had heard his voice, and I knew it belonged to Mr. Fordyce.

Father fairly turned pale when I told him; but he cautioned me not to betray that I suspected anything at present, and he took Steve's money under his special charge. We all met again at breakfast. I should have said that Mr. Fordyce had made his appearance about the same time as the rest of the family whom my screams had roused, and in the most natural manner. He came down to breakfast now, smiling, and just interested enough in my adventure.

Father went away into town after breakfast, and Mr. Fordyce sat in the garden and smoked. The officers who came to arrest him stole upon him from the back-way, and secured him before he thought of resistance.

It was a plain case. They found proofs enough of the robberies he had been at the bottom of all along, hid away in his trunks, and he owned them at last, with smiling nonchalence: turning back his sleeve actually, when no one was looking, and showing me the blue prints of my teeth on his white arm, and kissing them with the old gallantry.

Of course Steve made his payment, and we were married at an early day.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

If individuals have no virtues, their vices may be of use to us.

They who have true light in themselves seldom become satellites.

Despair gives the same fatal ease to the mind that mortification does to the body.

If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur who barks at you.

Don't expect to be called a good fellow any longer than you consent to do as others wish.

Socrates, being asked the way to honest fame, said, Study to be what you wish to seem.

The fool has one advantage over an educated man—he is always contented with himself.

It is a great deal better to say less than half what you think than to think only half what you say.

False friendship is like the parasitic moss that feeds on the life of the tree it pretends to adorn.

Eschew fine words as you would rouge. Love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of evil habits, the most glorious triumph.

An envious man repines as much at the manner in which his neighbors live as if he maintained them.

Let not modesty take away thy courage in a good cause; but let not thy courage incline to impudence.

The reason that most people cast their eyes upon the follies of others is that they may not see their own.

Let reason be your rule, conscience your counselor, and your actions ever contrary to those you find fault with.

Those who have resources within themselves and dare to live alone, want friends the least, but know how to prize them the most.

When, in a case of doubtful morality, you have to ask, Is there any harm in doing this? answer by asking, Is there harm in letting it alone?

Virtue seems to be nothing more than a motion consonant with the system of things. Were a planet to fly from its orbit, it would represent a vicious man.

You are a coward if you fear to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right; if you shrink from maintaining that which you know to be good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself and are afraid to own it.

Probably the smallest paper in the country, if not in the world, is published at Orlando, Florida. Its size is two and a half by three inches, and it claims a circulation of 1,200. It is printed monthly, and its name is the Florida Mite.

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MISCELLANY.

THOSE who do not contemplate visiting those majestic regions of the East and West, the White Mountains and the Yellowstone Valley, will do well to obtain the fine oleographs of scenes in those wonderful districts, which the POST offers to every subscriber as premiums. They are fine works of art, and reproduce faithfully the colors and effects of nature in all particulars.

LIGHT literature should be in vogue during the present midsummer days, and in fact all good reading matter should be light and easily digested by the reader. No heavy work of fiction, or of philosophy makes much impression. The greatest authors have been those who touch the deepest thoughts lightly, and whose great ideas float calmly upon a tide of style and diction, without a ripple.

IT is gratifying to observe the preparations which are everywhere in progress towards benefitting humanity, assisting the poor, and relieving destitute and invalid children. Christianity's practical workings are seen to most advantage in such a course of procedure, and the world will be made a complete brotherhood in spite of sects and nationalities, by such methods of philanthropy. It behooves every one of us to add our mite to such charities, and to encourage them to the best of our powers.

IN many of the public schools of the West newspapers are being used in place of books for reading lessons. In fact, there is more to be learned from the columns of a paper respecting live matters and the events of the day than could be inculcated by a mere reading primer. As a contemporary expresses it, "A great deal about everything can be found in an enterprising journal, and the student who carefully reads one, day by day, will find himself better capable of understanding the exactions of the world into which he is about to be thrown, and of fighting his battles, than if he followed too exclusively the pages of ancient history." This applies as well to a weekly as to a daily paper, and the weekly has the advantage of the daily, inasmuch as it embodies the gist of the news of the week, and the choicest poetry and fiction.

AT this season of the year there is a great desire among the ladies to know the most recherche and elegant styles of toilettes for traveling, and for wear at the watering places. The LADIES' DEPARTMENT gives a variety of styles, and explains the various costumes with great clearness, so that our lady readers may understand not only the nature of the patterns, but the effect of the completed dress. Fireside Chat will also always be found acceptable to the many queens of home who are our patrons, and any queries which they may suggest respecting the topics treated upon, will be gladly answered and commented upon by the special editor of this department. It will be observed that the most original hints, recipes, and suggestions, as to household matters, are to found in these columns.

THE necessity for a strenuous exertion on the part of every American community to provide facilities for technical education cannot be too strongly insisted upon. There is a great deal of native talent in our nation which is steadily dissipating itself into "thin, thin air," for sheer want of such education. There is a demand for carvers, designers, wood-engravers and pottery painters—for in the realm of the skilled arts, and especially of the fine arts, there seems to be always a demand for the ornate and luxurious among a certain class, and this certain class is the wealthy class, who know no hard times, and who stimulate art by hard cash. It is this class which has worked the wondrous changes in art taste, which is even now apparent here. The wealthy patrons of the arts foster an art feeling in the community, and there is a demand for the highest skill in the artisans who manipulate the various departments. Let us have more art schools and libraries, and more lectures on technical education.

### VANISHED IDEALS.

The things we love die and depart, and all that is left for us to do is to bury them deep, plant flowers on the spot where they lie, and go on our way poorer by so much, but with a life still to lead and a future still to fulfil. There is not one among us who has not to bury his or her dead. From the child's belief in the omnipotence of its parents to the man's in the absolute perfection of his beloved; from the rejection of the fairy tales, which once were true as gospel, to the critical examination of historical legends, which once were as exact as mathematics, we all have to pass through phases of faith and feeling which time and further knowledge prove to be fallacious. And so our ideals are lost, but from their ashes arise higher and loftier truths. We bury our hopes as we do our loves, and forget the desire which once made the whole charm of life for us, to the attainment of which we once bent our energies, but in its fulfilments were once centered all our dreams. While it was possible we wept and prayed. When recognized as impossible, what remained but to bury it deep in our soul, and resolutely determine never to unearth it again? So you gave your heart before the formal demand for its surrender was made, you mistook that delusive light for a star of heaven, by which you might steer your course forever, and only awoke to a knowledge of your mistake when the pain of your scorch revealed the nature of the flame around which you were circling. What then have you to do? Still go on loving the man or woman who does not love you, though he or she would be glad to see you happily married—wish you well, and all the rest of those benevolent things which such personages might say? Or will you bury the mistake, and all that it included, among the rest of your dead, and never let the world know either that it had once lived, or that it is now no more?

But we have not been steeped in pessimism sufficiently to extract from God's universe the better principle only, and we believe that our fancied ideals which disappear before us—the phantoms of our imaginations, the spectres which crowd narrow-mindedness, and which torture many souls by their disappearance—are in reality only the ignis fatui of life to plunge weak spirits into despair. God gives us so many good things that we are ungrateful to be discontent, and weave phantasies, and deem them real. There is much to enjoy, much to live and hope for, and much to struggle for with earnest faith. We battle not with vain dreams, but with realities. George Eliot never wrote anything finer than the closing lines of Middlemarch: "The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

## SANCTUM CHAT.

TITIAN'S Madonna with the Veil, which was generally believed to have been destroyed at the storming and sacking of Rome by the Constable of Bourbon, has been found again among the pictures in an old chateau belonging to the late Dr. Ritzi. The professors of the Academy of Turin pronounce it the genuine picture.

THE value of the process of heliograph or sun engraving upon copper, is shown by the experience of the Austrian Military Geographical Institute. Maps are drawn on paper, and then, reduced by heliography, transferred to copper, touched up and printed. The advantages of this process are cheapness and rapidity of publication.

THE question as to whether Wagner is a genius or not, is still agitating musicians. His claim to originality, melody, effect, instrumentation and superb counterpoint is founded on his really great operas, Rienzi, Tannhauser, and Lohengris. There is sweetness and breadth in each of these masterpieces, and a wealth of musical inspiration and expression. But it remains for the future to judge with justice the "music of the future."

ANOTHER professor of the art of malingering, or feigning disease, has lately made his appearance in Paris, and his favorite disease is hemiplegia or paralysis of one side of the body. This artistic rogue even produced his feverish symptoms by artificial means. His temperature indicated over 100 degrees of Fahrenheit, and it was not until he had left the hospital that it was discovered that this was occasioned by his having held the bulb of the thermometer close to the lighted candle.

THE Shah of Persia is having a good time in Paris, and is in a fair way to disburse every coin of the immense burden of gold he brought with him, for the rapacious shop-keepers will not allow him to depart Orientwards without taking with him a vast collection of the gorgeous things for which France is celebrated. He wears a dress coat and a high hat, and looks like an exceedingly sunburnt European. He is followed by a perfect army of servants, and he appears, they say, to be somewhat bewildered by the excitement in the streets of the gay "parlor of the world."

THE practice of choral singing ought to be more encouraged. We might take lessons from our German friends, and institute singing societies in every ward and district. Good music interpreted by a number of fine voices is one of the most delightful of treats for the lover of harmony, and it costs very little. No instrumental music need be used at all, and the voices can be selected without difficulty. Such a discipline in choral singing would undoubtedly improve the grade of congregational singing in churches, and make a better impression upon the minds of the community as regards musical art.

THE "Thousand Isles," in the river St. Lawrence, consist really of more than two thousand islands, two or three of the largest being equal in size to Manhattan Island, or the city of New York, with others of all sizes, down to some that look much like porpoises, or human heads, thrust out of the water. Usually they are clad with verdure, and the larger ones are covered with heavy forests. Most of them have rocky shores, and in many instances the water is so deep that the largest steamers can land their passengers without any wharves, upon the projecting rocks. These islands are partly owned by Canada, and partly by the United States.

IN the Mohammedan service every first-class mosque, or place of worship, requires the following clergy: 1st. A sheikh, or dean, whose duty is to preach a sermon after a midday prayer on Fridays, and who is really a sort of Bishop. 2d. Two or more Khatiba, who recite the Khoutba, or prayer for the Prophet and Sultan. 3d. Four imauma, who recite what is called by the Turks namaz. 4. From twelve to twenty muezzin, who call to prayers from the minarets, and also chant during namaz from the gallery in the chancel. The voices of many of these men are quite musical, and when heard at sunset, there are few greater treats to lovers of vocal music. 5. Fifteen or twenty kayrins, who are the working servants of the mosques.

TWO relics of the Napoleon Bonaparte family have lately been added to the British Museum. One is a chart of Cadiz Bay, sent by the "First Consul" and "Little Corporal" to Joseph Bonaparte in 1809; the other is a beautifully written volume of French songs set to music in the handwriting of Hortense, Queen of Holland, mother of Louis Napoleon. This last was given by Madame de Montarno to Sir Robert Wilson, and by him to his daughter, Rosabelle Stanhope Randolph. Some of the songs which are contained in it are said to have been written by the Comte de la Garden. The first is "Le Beau Dunois," known popularly as *Partant pour la Syrie*. These two manuscripts were presented to the British nation by the Rev. Herbert Randolph.

A UNIQUE collection, showing the rise and progress of wood engraving, is at present on exhibition at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It is divided into prints, chiaroscuro prints, books containing wood-cuts, fac-similes, and reprints; and each of these groups is sub-divided into nationalities—German, Italian, French, English and American. The etchings comprise some of the finest of Rembrandt's, and the portrait gallery is especially rich in works by the French engravers of the seventeenth century. The prints are kept permanently on exhibition in show cases, about a hundred being displayed at a time, and changed for others at intervals of about six weeks. There can be nothing more interesting to the student of art than this collection of designs, and it would be well to encourage similar exhibitions wherever there is sufficient taste and capital to sustain them.

HAWTHORNE had an idea that paintings ought to be hung in separate rooms, by themselves, and not together in a gallery. He alleges that the effect of a single picture is spoiled by comparison with others of greater merit in its neighborhood. His views are very nearly true, and, of course, if art committees of exhibitions could afford the expense, there would be provided separate places for every one of the many pictures in the exhibitions. It indeed takes the charm away from a cool gray landscape, for example, to have it placed near a very gorgeous figure piece, or fruit piece. The modest merit of the one picture is quite overlooked by the spectators in the gallery, the impudent glaring and defiant tints and forms of the one pictures quite concealing the other. Then it is hard to judge of the individual merits of a gallery where there are many excellent works, and where the eye is bewildered by the signal merits of each. A visit to an art gallery is apt, therefore, to produce the effect of a "dream of beautiful scenes," a medley of color, tone, and not the esthetical impression one gets from contemplating and studying a single fine picture.

EDISON, the great scientific magician, has been summoned to exercise his power to prevent the noise attendant upon the running of a new street railway, and they no doubt think that if he can make people hear, he can also make them deaf, too, if he so chooses. It would be a good thing if Edison could harden our hearing in many respects, for there are a variety of noises and vices which we ought not to hear. They only tend to jar the nervous system. An injunction was put upon certain bells by a court, simply because they disturbed a neighborhood. So also in regard to other noises which a court of equity will restrain for the benefit of human comfort and health. There is nothing which so prostrates nervous people as noise, and in this hard-working, bustling age, the individual whose place of business is in the very centre of noise and confusion, desires, when he reaches home, rest and quietude. So long as noise does not disturb, it ought, not, however, to be enjoined, and there are, looking at the other side of the question, a great many noises which cannot be prevented, and which are made by the very machinery which is benefiting, and not injuring mankind.

Correct yourself betimes. You will seldom or never keep from falling if you cannot recover yourself when you first begin to totter.

## VIDA.

BY CHARLES KOEL.

The close of the fashionable season found Edgar Mahan a little *blase*, and he ran down to Cape May to seek solitude, sea air, and reveries which appertain to *ennui*. Edgar was a bright young fellow of thirty, who had seen the world, dissipated a small fortune, had loved and had lost. He had loved? Yes; and it was only when he returned from Europe well nigh penniless, having melted down his fortune in that seething crucible, Paris, and forming fine resolves to try to live by his profession, that the young attorney fell in love with Vida Warren, an heiress and a beauty, but a young girl who moved in the glare of fashion only to be overshadowed by women of less beauty, and more tact and worldliness, and possibly more experience in coquetry. Edgar met this lovely girl at Saratoga. He had only been there a week when he was introduced to her one evening by a friend, who at the same time presented him to her father, Major Warren, who accompanied her. Edgar was from that moment madly in love with Vida, and from that moment the glamour and glitter of the great hotel, the equipages and the toilettes, the boon companions, the races, the little ecarte table, and the fast horses, all lost their charms, and Saratoga became to him Vanity Fair.

He loved the sweet girl, and he knew and felt that he loved her, and that he was doing wrong to himself, to his future career, and to her, by so loving. Yet how could he help it? He danced with her that evening, promenaded with her on the long veranda of the hotel, and then almost felt like speaking outright just what he felt, for he was an impetuous fellow, and the music of the waltz played so divinely by the orchestra in the large salon transformed things to fairy land for the nonce, and he was a little bewildered to be alone with her at last, in a retired corner, clear of the buzzing crowd, his heart fluttering and his lips about to reveal all. What were the gay hours he spent in Paris, to this moment?

'I was very much pleased to know your father,' he said softly to her as she seated herself in the dusk of the piazza, and he drew a chair near her.

'He is a good father to me, Mr. Mahan,' she replied. 'He cannot do enough for me. I so longed to go to Saratoga, but I didn't dare to reveal my longing to pa; and lo! he anticipated my wishes so perfectly—and here I am in the midst of all the noise and fashion!'

'Do you like it here?'

'No. I am disappointed. I like quieter retreats.'

'The seaside, perhaps.'

'Oh, yes! How I enjoy the seaside! How happy I was at Cape May last season! It is so much better than the Springs, is it not, Mr. Mahan? Do you prefer Saratoga to the Capes?'

'I can't say I do. I can't say I like any place particularly. I'm a rover. A man who has been basking all his youth in those marvellous places across sea hasn't much relish for this insipidity.'

'Insipidity! Why, do you call Saratoga insipid?'

'I do, indeed. Paris, for me.'

'A quiet farmhouse for me, Mr. Mahan. My tastes are rural, you perceive—a snug estate on a hill in the country. I say on a hill, because I wish to catch a glimpse of the far-off ocean. That is my ideal,' she laughed.

'And mine. I confess the picture is pleasant.'

'I have been in Paris, too—and in Germany, and great gloomy London. What a place! But of all the places in the world which I love best, the first is the little seaside French town of Pau. Were you ever there?'

'Yes; once. Rather quiet—but I like it.'

'I adore it!

'Very few attractions there, Miss Warren. Soldiers, a few English and American snobs, and a sprinkling of the peasantry.'

'Yes, yes; but there is a glimpse of the sea, too.'

'You love the sea?'

'I do—I do! and I wish pa would take me there. I love everything beautiful and good, and I like quietude and peace. You would not think so, Mr. Mahan, would you, when you see me in a quadrille?'

'You are a victim of circumstances in that case, perhaps, Miss Warren. For my part, I am fearfully bored by this throng and this tumult, and I echo your wish for the sea and the quietude.'

'How divinely that waltz sounds!' she exclaimed. 'How I like all shades of music—gay and sad! What they call popular music is as enjoyable as Beethoven's, but in a different way.'

Edgar laughed. 'I should say so. Popular music is what I like. No Beethoven for me.'

A merry laugh answered this speech, and he broke upon it with—

'Will you waltz?'

'I beg to be excused, Mr. Mahan. I am about to seek quietude. There is rather. He wants me.'

'Well, I'm sorry—sorry I can't have at least one more dance, Miss Warren. I leave to-morrow morning early.'

'Do you? Why, you are sudden in your departure.'

'I'm weary of this place.'

'Don't wonder! But are you serious about leaving?'

'Of course. The seven o'clock train takes me down to New York; thence to quiet Philadelphia—for solitude's sake, you know! But I must see you again—I cannot bear saying good-bye. I'm sure you'll——'

'Oh, here's father! Mr. Mahan thinks of leaving in the morning, pa; and he is sensible. I wish I could leave too. This is a horribly dull place.'

Major Warren, who came upon the couple like an interloper, said as he extended his hand to Edgar, 'I am sorry you are going so soon.' Then turning to his daughter, he said: 'Come, dear; you must be up early, you know, for the boat ride. Good night, Mr. Mahan.'

The young man bowed and looked into the eyes of the girl he loved, as she arose, took her father's arm, and disappeared in the throng.

Edgar was disgusted from that instant with Saratoga. He adored Vida, and there was a chain of fascination which drew him to her with irresistible force. How could he break it? He left in the early train, and that same day arrived in Philadelphia. A week later he was at Cape May.

For a penniless and blase young bachelor to think of loving such a sweet young girl as Vida was, seemed to Edgar mere madness, and he resolved to change his thoughts, banish his one recollection of Saratoga, fill his trunk with books, and run down to the quiet seaside for rest and recreation.

One of the worst things in the world for a man is love!

Cape May was deserted. One hotel alone had its few inmates, and nearly all the cottagers had left a month ago. The equinoctial storm was approaching. The weather was pleasant, but there was no gay humanity present. All the musicians had vanished. The island was settling down to its gray winter sleep of hibernation.

Edgar was delighted with the contrast between the bleak Jersey shore and the gay Saratoga with its vast multitude of pleasure-seekers.

He staid a week at the Cape, and his favorite recreation was to take a long walk down the beach at night, close to the edges of the white surge, and then climbing into one of the hotel pavilions, give way to reverie, cigar in mouth, and lulled into a pleasant state of feeling by the roar of the ocean, the electrical breeze of October.

One night he groped his way up into the Congress Hall pavilion, and dimly discerned two black shadows cast by the true glaring reflector over the entrance—the shadows of two figures who were sitting close together in a corner of the pavilion overlooking the sea. Edgar went over to the opposite corner, took a chair, propped his feet upon the railing, and sat puffing his cigar.

'There's a pair of lovers,' he said to himself as he glanced over to where the shadows commingled, and where a low murmur of conversation arose.

The two figures were females—one dressed in black, the other in white, the costume of the latter emphasizing the form of the wearer upon the darkness of the surroundings.

Edgar had dropped into a reverie, and was gazing in a vague way at a star on the horizon—the gleam of Heliopen light—when the figures rose suddenly and moved toward the stairway. Edgar turned to look at them, and as they passed the glare of the great lamp outside, he saw in an instant, revealed in all her beauty of form and face, the only woman he had ever loved—Vida!

'I will follow her!' he said half aloud. 'Why is she here? Where is her father? I wonder who that is with her. I must—I must speak to her!'

He arose hastily and followed the retiring figures. When they came under the gas-lamps of the veranda, Edgar, moving nearer to the girl he loved, took off his hat and said:

'Miss Warren!'

She turned around abruptly, and her bright, beautiful eyes shone with a stronger light as she exclaimed:

'Why, Mr. Mahan! You here?'

Edgar saw by her face that she was not displeased to see him.

'I am here seeking solitude.'

'So am I. I am staying at Mrs. Morhouse's cottage. I am the guest of this lady. Mrs. Morhouse, allow me to present to you Mr. Mahan.'

The lady in black, an elderly personage with white hair and face, bowed, and then after a murmur which Edgar did not understand, but which he interpreted as a matter of courtesy, the lady retired, saying:

'I may as well go back to the cottage. You and Mr. Mahan can find your way.'

'Oh, yes,' answered Vida; 'but you ought to stay with us.'

'I'm sorry I divide you,' said Edgar.

The good Mrs. Morhouse made no reply to this, but disappeared beyond the lawn, and the lovers were left alone.

'How strange to find you here!' she said.

'Oh, I've so much to tell you of my adventures since I saw you last,' said Edgar—'why not take a walk on the beach?'

'At this time of night? Besides, it is so stormy!'

'The kind of weather I enjoy. I am stormy to-night too. I am as impetuous as the sea. Come, Miss Warren.'

'I will go as far as the lamps yonder, but not upon the beach. I am afraid.'

'With me?'

He looked into her eyes as he spoke. She cast down her head. He offered his arm, and she put a slender gloved hand forth and said:

'No—I dare not!'

'Is your father here?'

'No. Business prevents him from coming. He sent me down here because I was so melancholy in the city, and I longed so for the sea. I hate fashion. But what brought you here, Mr. Mahan?'

'The divine intuition that I was to see you. I've been thinking of you ever since I left Saratoga. I have been tortured about you. Come, let us take a stroll beside the stormy waves. It becomes my mood. Dare I ask you?'

'But it is so late.'

'We shall not be long.' He drew her hand through his arm, and they walked down the darkening path toward the pavilion, and came at last upon the star-lighted spaces of heaven and ocean. Ocean white, thunderous, awful; heaven nebulous with lustre. Afar off gleamed Heliopen light. They were silent as they passed down the wet beach, and the pale snow of surges crept about them. Then he said:

'I love you!'

There was no response.

'I love you so dearly!'

She looked up at him in a surprised way, and even in the darkness he could read her face.

'Mr. Mahan!'

'I admit I am wild, impetuous even as this ocean is—but still I say I love you! Dare I hope that I may persist in such loving, Vida?'

There was no response. He felt the girl's whole frame trembling with emotion.

'Come,' he said, 'let us return to the cottage. You are tired. You must pardon me. You little know how I have dearly thought of you since that blissful night at Saratoga.'

'Do not go yet. Let me stay here. I am frightened at your words, and yet I know not why.'

'Do you love me, Vida?'

'From the first time I met you,' she murmured, her head sinking upon his arm—'dearly! dearly!'

The white surges closed in about them and drowned their love murmurings. They were happy, and when Edgar escorted Vida back to the cottage, on both their faces was the glow of sweet content and peace. Each had found quietude and peace and love.

## FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Notwithstanding the outcry of the doctors, and of many of the sterner sex, this meal may now be considered quite as much a necessity as breakfast and dinner. Very few women feel happy without their "social cup of tea," and fewer still are the better for dispensing with it; they are apt to be over tired, weary and dispirited, unable to do justice to the dinner which, in many families, is at a late hour, therefore some sort of refreshment between lunch and it seems quite indispensable. And what, indeed, can be more refreshing and invigorating than a well-made cup of tea? It is even no uncommon sight to see individuals of the stronger sex complacently imbibing afternoon tea at their clubs, or in the drawing-rooms of their friends and acquaintances—here, of course, under protest, as they still effect to denigrate the habit of taking it a feminine weakness and a reprehensible innovation. Now, although their repast is looked upon as comparatively of modern date, it is little more than a revival of the old-fashioned tea when early dinners were the custom, followed by the homely meat at five o'clock; then by the late supper at half-past-eight or nine.

On first appearance, there does not seem much difficulty in arranging a room and the table for a five o'clock tea; but, nevertheless, everybody is not equally happy in managing even such a slight reflection, especially when guests are expected. A few hints, therefore, may not come amiss with regard to this so-called feminine repast. Anything approaching confusion or disorder should certainly be avoided, and everything should be in its place at the appointed time. The drawing-room prettily decorated with flowers, the hostess at her post, the servants waiting to respond at the slightest sound of the bell, and all things in readiness.

And now with regard to the arrangement of the table. This should be either a round one, or a table made with an undershelf for cups and saucers. It is usually kept solely for the purpose, and should be wheeled into a convenient spot in the drawing-room, where the hostess can comfortably do the honors, and entertain her guests at the same time. A tablecloth, made either of crash, oatmeal cloth, or something similar, worked with a crewel work border, is usually laid on it. Sometimes a white damask cloth with a colored border is used; but this latter does not harmonize so well with the softer shades of coloring now seen in most drawing-rooms, nor appear in quite such good taste as the ecru tints usually used for art needlework. Then the tea-tray, with the cups, tea-pot and cream, and milk jugs, sugar bowl, etc., is put on the table, the silver urn also; and let it be remarked that all these accessories should be in the best possible style. A pretty cosy may with advantage be used, as, besides keeping the tea hot, it has the further advantage of throwing a little coloring on to the table when needed. The tea must be strong, if possible; it should not, however, stand too long, as that renders it unwholesome. It is better to make it in relays when guests are expected at different times. Black tea is best to use, and it must be of good quality. Cakes, biscuits, bread and butter cut in slices and neatly rolled, should be on the tea-table, or on another close at hand. At this season, especially in the country, where there is abundance of fruit to be easily obtained, some kind may be placed ready; but these are by no means *de rigueur*, and of course entail tiny little china or glass plates, which are not otherwise requisite. The lady of the house, her daughter, or some young relative, pours out the tea, and hands it, with the cake, bread and butter, etc., to the friends assembled. If there are any gentlemen present, their services are put in requisition. There should be plenty of pretty occasional tables about the drawing-room, on which cups, etc., may be put down; but they must be put in such positions that they will not easily be knocked over.

Where expense is no great object, much taste and refinement may be wisely displayed in the choice of the silver, and also that of the china used on these occasions. Very pretty curious sets, suitable for five o'clock tea, are to be seen in most of the best china shops in our cities. Real old china, too, cups and saucers of quaint shapes and patterns—when not too valuable to use—may with advantage be utilized by way of variety. These afternoon teas, also, are first-rate opportunities for displaying dainty little cream jugs, strangely devised sugar bowls, old-fashioned teaspoons and sugar-tongs, and the like, which are too often "hidden under a bushel," or in a cabinet, but which, when thus used, add an air of finish and refinement to the otherwise commonplace appearance of the tea-table. Of course, to a certain extent, most of these remarks apply to a tea when many guests are expected, but much the same applies to the coziest of cosy gatherings, an afternoon tea for some few—four at the outside—a special friends, and for people living in town or country, it is a charming way of entertaining one's friends, selecting a few congenial ones each time. Then it is true fewer things are wanted, but not less taste, either in the display of china or plate. Small delicacies and choicer "brands"—if we may use the term for tea—may be introduced with advantage; such dainties as would, perhaps, be almost wasted in a large party, but which could not but be appreciated in choice little coteries. Usually for smaller gatherings of this kind, a tiny little table is all that is necessary, and usually no urn. In the winter coffee may be occasionally substituted for tea; hot buttered toast for the thin bread and butter, or for the cakes. In the summer—and here again this applies to the country, or at least to the suburbs—the garden is undoubtedly the right place to choose as a meeting place for this pleasant meal; but care must be taken to provide really comfortable easy chairs, dry grass, or at least footstools, for the feet; and above all, a shady spot, as free from cold draughts or from hot sun soon as possible. Enough hints, however, have been given to young housekeepers for the arrangement of this meal, which, after all, is the least arduous of all to order. The rest must be left to individual tastes and peculiar idiosyncracies, which may be brought to bear even upon such an apparently trivial matter as afternoon tea.

## The Food of the Ancients.

The diversity of substances we find in the catalogue of articles of food, is as great as the variety with which the art or the science of cookery prepares them; the notions of the ancients on this most important subject are worthy of remark. Their taste regarding meat was various. Beef they considered the most substantial food, hence it constituted the chief nourishment of their athletes. Camels' and dromedaries' flesh was much esteemed, their heels especially. Donkey flesh was in high repute, and the wild ass brought from Africa was compared to venison.

In more modern times we find some having asses fatted for the table. The hog and the wild boar appear to have been held in great estimation. Their mode of killing swine was redined to barbarity as in epicurism. Pigs were slaughtered with redhot spits that the blood might not be lost; stuffing a pig with asses'ears was a luxury. Young bears, dogs and foxes (the latter more esteemed when fed upon grapes) were also much admired by the Romans, who were likewise so fond of various birds that some consular families assumed the names of those they most admired. Cattus tells us how to drown fowls in Falernian wine to render them more luscious and tender. Pheasants were brought over from Colchis, and esteemed at one time such a rarity that one of the Ptolemies bitterly lamented his having never tasted any. Fen-cooks were carefully reared in the island of Samos, and sold at such a high price that Varro informs us they fetched yearly upward of $10,000 of our money. The guinea fowl was considered delicious, but the Romans knew not the turkey, a gift which Europe owes to the Jesuits. The ostrich was much relished; Heliogabalus delighted in their brains, and Apicius especially commends them. The modern gastronome is perhaps not aware that it is to the ancients he owes his fattened goose and duck livers—the inestimable *foies gras* of France. The swan was also fattened by the Romans, who first deprived it of sight; and cranes were by no means despised by people of taste.

While the feathered creation was doomed to form part of ancient delights, the waters yielded their share of enjoyments, and several fishes were immortalized. The carp was educated in their ponds, and rendered so tame that he came to be killed at the tinkling of his master's bell or the sound of his voice. The fame of the lamprey is generally known, and the sturgeon was brought to table with triumphant pomp; but the turbot, one of which was brought to Domitian from Ancona, was considered such a splendid present that this emperor assembled the senate to admire it. The red mullet was held in such a distinguished category among genteel fishes that three of them, although of small size, were known to fetch upwards of $1000. They were more appreciated when brought alive, and gradually allowed to die, when the Romans feasted their eyes in the anticipated delight of eating them, by gazing on the dying creature as he changed color like an expiring dolphin. Snails were also a great dainty. Fulvius Herpinus was immortalized for the discovery of the art of fattening them on bran and other articles; and Horace informs us they were served up, broiled upon silver gridirons, to give a relish to wine. Oysters were sent from England to Rome, and frozen oysters were much extolled.

Grasshoppers, locusts, and various insects, were equally acceptable to our first gastronomic legislators. Acorns, similar to those now eaten in Spain, formed part of a Roman feast; the best were brought from Naples and Tarentum. It does not appear that the ancients had a great variety in their vegetable diet; condiments to stimulate the sluggish appetite seemed to be their principal research.

## "What a Family Paper Should Be."

No paper in the United States so nearly reaches our ideal of what a nice family paper should be, as the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST, brimming with interest, pure in tone, newsy, spicy, original and earnest, and if there is another appropriate adjective we will consider it all that, and more. A veteran in newspaperism, it is a *chef d'oeuvre* in every feature. We only hope *Sunset Chimes* may succeed in being something like it in the future.—*Sunset Chimes, Chicago, Ill.*

### LAST WORDS.

BY M. B. M.

Farewell! I hold you by the hand;
We find it hard to part;
But love can bridge the sea and land,
And keep us close at heart.

And when strange pictures in the blaze
Of evening fires you see,
And sadly muse of other days,
Oh, then remember me.

Remember all the joy we had
In that first glow of life,
When, full of hope, our hearts were glad
To meet the coming strife.

Remember all the days we spent
Beneath the happy sun,
That smiled on every good intent
With every day begun.

Remember how we used to stand
When evening fields were still,
To see the glare across the land
And hear the busy mill.

Remember all our friendly talk
In fragrant lanes at night,
When stars came out above our walk
And shone in silver light.

Remember, when your hopes were dead,
The grief you told to me,
And how I spoke of hopes instead
In brighter days to be.

And let the thought of this be strong
To cheer the lonely road,
When thinking that the way is long,
And weary with the load.

For I will always stand your friend,
And when the dying flame
Of other love has found an end,
My love will be the same.

# CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

Hombert went out and gave an alarm. Then, with plenty of willing volunteers, he sought far and near in the town—in every likely and unlikely place. But to no purpose, save to lead him on swiftly toward despair.

When night came, more systematic arrangements were determined on to carry the search through the surrounding country. Pending this, Hombert returned home for a moment. Nell was in her bed lying with closed eyes, her mother sitting beside her.

Mrs. Gardnilli rose as Hombert entered, motioned him to her chair, and silently left the room.

Nell turned her head toward him and opened her eyes as he sat down. Her face was so wan and pale, so full of a very weariness of pain, that it might have been that of a woman at the end of long illness.

"John, dear!" she said faintly—it had been so long since she used those words—"I love you, John, so dearly! so dearly! You will not leave me, John? Tell me you will not! I will try to please you, John, so faithfully, so hard!"

Then, taking one of his hands, she feebly drew it to her and laid it on her breast.

"John, dear! I love you so well! I do so want to please you! You will not let any one set you against me, John?"

She forced a smile to her thin, quivering lips, which even in smiling so betrayed such sad anguish and appeal that the memory of it remained with him always after.

He was bewildered by this appeal while his heart was wrung anew by its sorrowfulness. Why should she think such pleading necessary at this time? He dare not guess.

But this was no time to talk or think of explanations.

"Nell," he said softly, "if you have ever imagined that you had reason to doubt my faithfulness to every promise I ever made you, it was a grievous mistake—a grievous, grievous mistake, Nell. But you are too weak and agitated now to talk of this. When I bring Elsie back, you will be better. Let me go now to look for her."

He bent over to kiss her. She threw her arms around his neck and held him until he gently released her hands.

"I shall bring Elsie back!" he said, with what cheerfulness he could as he kissed her again and turned to go.

The same sad, pleading smile was on her face when he left her.

The search continued through the night and for days and nights afterward, but without success. It seemed impossible that the child could have been taken away unnoticed by any one; but nowhere in the town, nor along any of the country roads about, could there be found a person who had seen her. Every body and stream of water in the vicinity was examined, and every other place in which she could possibly have come to harm, was thoroughly searched; and then it seemed certain that the child had indeed been stolen, cunningly as it must have been done to elude all eyes.

Hombert's business was neglected, and all his energies and means devoted to the search. The case was spread by the press, and in a hundred towns people were on the alert to find the child, moved either by natural sympathy alone, or by hope of the reward which Hombert had proclaimed.

Still, the wearing anxiety remained unrelieved, until the father became conscious of a growing bitterness in his heart. What had he done that he should be so torn in his affections? Why should it happen to him to stand alone in this affliction? For Nell's piteous appeal on the night of the child's disappearance was not followed up by her in the same spirit. She fell back into the old way of estrangement. Always she was moody and silent, always unmistakably distressed about Elsie; but she plead with her husband no more, nor did her manner in any way invite a return to his endearments in the time of their love. Rather she grew more distant and distrustful as the unsuccessful search went on, and Hombert became more and more sensibly affected by his sorrow.

When this darkness was so dense that any aggravation of it seemed impossible, Hombert was surprised by the receipt of a letter. The missive was postmarked at Millfield and read as follows:

"MR. HOMBERT—If you wish to hear from your child, meet me on Oak street near Fifth, in this place, on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. If I am not there on Thursday night, come on Friday at the same hour. I may be unable to come on the first night. Do not bring any one with you, nor tell any one of this. Secrecy is the only return I ask for trying to do you a service at my own peril. See that you are not watched when you come to the place I have named.

A FRIEND.

Something in this letter, which afforded him no clue to its writer, nor the confidence of Hombert. Keeping his own counsel strictly, he resolved to meet the appointment, upon the chance of securing the information promised.

CHAPTER X.

AN APPEAL TO THE LAW.

The writing of the anonymous letter indicated that it was a woman's, though obviously disguised. Hombert was therefore not surprised, as he came near the appointed place of meeting on the first of the evenings named, to discover a female approaching him—evidently his unknown correspondent.

She was so closely veiled that he would have had difficulty in recognizing her for that reason if for no other. But she knew him at once, and spoke his name in a low, anxious tone:

"Mr. Hombert!"

"Yes, madam——" replied Hombert hesitatingly, for he thought he had heard the voice before.

"If you think that you recognize me in any way," she said, "please try to imagine that you are mistaken. It is no small danger that I am in while meeting you."

Surely he knew that voice!

"If you apprehend anything like violence during this interview," he said, seeing her glance around in a fearsome way, "let me reassure you. So far as any present danger is concerned, I will——"

"You could not defend me—no one could—from what I fear! It is not here that I dread harm."

Nevertheless, she was apparently struggling to overcome alarm of some sort before she went on:

"If you should think you recognize me as one you knew some years ago, please believe that I am a very different person now. If you remember that I was once harsh and cruel to you, in speaking unfeelingly of one dear to you, please believe that I have suffered since. Indeed"—raising her hands in a despairing gesture—"if you knew the misery of but one of my days, you would own that you, and all, were more than avenged!"

He was certain now! The woman before him was Mrs. Jeck, late Tossip. Greatly changed, indeed; even wasted in flesh; plainly broken in spirit; but unmistakably that person.

Hombert addressed her calmly:

"Madam, surely you cannot imagine that, after such a service as I understand you to offer, I could turn upon you because of some real or fancied injury long ago!"

"No. But I have come to doubt almost everybody. You must promise me one thing."

"What is that?"

"You must promise to let the law right you in this matter—give you your child—you must not attempt to seize the child for yourself, nor seek personal revenge upon—upon any one instrumental in keeping her from you. I will not have bloodshed on my hands!" she exclaimed vehemently, thinking he hesitated—"and that would happen on one side or the other if you laid hands on—on one you have encountered before!"

"Very well; I promise," Hombert replied.

She was satisfied, and went on rapidly and nervously:

"Your child is at an abandoned homestead eight miles out from here on the State road. The place is called Quansell's homestead."

"In whose charge!" he asked, much agitated.

"The Indian woman Leela's."

"My God! is that so!" he cried, every muscle in his body stiffening into bone in his anger.

"Yes. Put the case in the hands of an officer. Don't go near the place yourself. Remember your promise! At any hour you went there, you might meet—the person I have alluded to. He is there, or on his way back, at this minute. They are at work again on the old case since he found Leela—she was gone a long time, as you may know. I cannot tell how it is—I am not in his confidence; nobody is—but I have found out what I have told you, no matter how."

She was apparently about to go, and Hombert, mastering his emotions, spoke thus:

"Madam, is there no way I can partially repay this service? If I recover my little girl through your information, there is no risk I would not take to——"

"No! no!" she interrupted, wailing—"nothing can be done for me; there is no way! I am unhonored, hopeless! Nothing can be done, except to keep my secret, if you know me."

She turned and walked rapidly away. He would have spoken further, but, hearing him move as if to accompany her, she turned and waved him back with her hand.

Hombert understood, of course, that the object of her fear was her husband, whose machinations she was exposing; and he resolved that the poor woman should not suffer by his agency.

However, now he was aflame with eagerness over the news of little Elsie. It was nine o'clock at night, but he could not delay an hour. Impatience of delay, however, is a poor outfit for one who invokes the law.

The first learned remark of the young lawyer engaged by Hombert was as follows:

"Let me see!"

The second sage dictum was:

"The circuit judge is away—not to be got at now."

The third profound observation was burdened with legal lore in this wise:

"Come in to-morrow, and we'll see if we can't get a writ of habeas corpus returnable before a commissioner."

And with this Hombert was compelled to be content for the night. A wakeful, restless season it was, in which a hundred times he dreamed of rescuing his little darling with his own free hand, and woke to repine at the condition imposed upon him by his informant.

But next morning he actually succeeded in getting a writ and starting an officer out in a conveyance of his own providing. And, most wonderful of all, at two o'clock in the afternoon the officer returned, bringing with him little Elsie and her captor, Leela!

This result was due, not to the efficiency of the law, but to Leela's ignorance. With the unlettered person's vague dread of legal instruments, she had sullenly refused to have the writ read or explained, beyond the fact that it commanded her to produce the child before the commissioner. Then, without a word, she took Elsie and got into the officer's carriage.

There was a joyful meeting when Hombert entered the commissioner's office and sprang to catch Elsie in his arms! Thank God! the child was well, and safe at last! His sky seemed to be brightening. This might restore Nell to her old self, and make their lives happy again. Oh, the long agony and yearning that found expression in his silent embrace, his close clasping of the tiny figure, his restless, nervous hands stroking Elsie's soft hair! A little child was brought back to its own!

Leela sat stolidly by. Her counsel would be there presently, the officer said. He might take his time for aught Hombert cared, with Elsie in his arms!

Leela's counsel came at last.

Mr Janus Jeck!

He came in chewing his beard, nodded to the commissioner, and drew Leela aside for an apparently angry conference.

Hombert was too happy to be much ruffled by the presence of his old enemy.

"Your Honor," said Jeck to the commissioner, "my client, this woman, has responded to this writ unadvisedly, not knowing that she had the usual time to make return. At the end of twenty-four hours from the service of the writ we will make the proper return."

"The writ is returnable forthwith," said Hombert's counsel.

"I don't want any instructions from you, sir! And his Honor don't need them, either!" exclaimed Jeck, true to his nature—insolent where it was safe, obsequious to power.

"Now the parties are here, the question of time had better not be raised," said the commissioner.

"But, your Honor, I have had no time to draw the return," urged Jeck.

"Why, you know it won't take five minutes!" protested the opposing lawyer.

Another insolent reply from Jeck, and then, becoming obsequious again, he addressed the commissioner:

"I will have the return here in an hour. Of course it is not necessary to drag this woman and her child here again."

"Not necessary!" exclaimed Hombert's counsel—"why, that's the very essence of the writ—to have the body of the child here!"

"She must produce the child with the return," was the commissioner's prompt ruling.

"Very well, your Honor. We bow to your decision. In an hour we will have the return here."

"Meantime, we ask the court to put the child in custody of its officer," said Hombert's counsel.

"Not till the return is made, I guess," sneered Jeck.

"I don't know that the child can be properly in the custody of the court until the return is made," the commissioner admitted.

There are two widely different classes of persons who have great respect for legal processes. The first of these classes is composed of rogues who have learned how many loopholes for their escape the law furnishes. The second class comprises persons who have been educated to love order and who have had no experience in law. Hombert belonged to this latter class; and therefore, with some misgivings and much unwillingness, but without positive alarm, he suffered the half-breed Leela to take the child again, and go with Jeck upon his pretence of drawing a return to the writ.

All in conformity to the laws made and provided, and so forth! All in strict conformity to the latest advances in the science whose greatest modern expounder and chief light was a bribe-taker!

Hombert walked the office and waited for the appointed time—four o'clock. The hour came, but no Jeck—no Elsie.

In law it is four o'clock until it is five.

Half-past four, and no Jeck—no Elsie.

At ten minutes of five, Jeck came in with his return—chewing his beard, and insolently swaggering to others, fawning upon the commissioner. Twenty minutes of affable talk on current topics between the commissioner and Jeck. Then Hombert's counsel looks at his watch and evolves the legal knowledge that it is near his tea time.

"Where are the woman and the child?" he asks.

"Why, I don't know!" replies Jeck, looking straight at Hombert. "I suppose she understood she was to come back. They left me about ten minutes after we left here, and I haven't seen 'em since. If she don't come, the court can issue his warrant, I suppose."

All in strict conformity, gentlemen!

A child stolen from its father's arms in a court of justice! What is the remedy? Why, a warrant against an Indian loose in the woods, more cunning than a fox to run or to hide, and with three hours good start!

All in strict conformity!

And the father? Why, to say truth, his taste of the law might have been too much for him, had it been a little less. As it was, it came like a blow that mercifully brings insensibility. His heart was turned to stone, and lost the power of emotion. He felt no anger—it was too monstrous a thing for anger! He felt nothing except a sinking into depths in which he dreaded the return to sensibility.

Hombert's counsel asked for and got a warrant for Leela. It was mere waste of paper and time. As when the child was stolen in the first instance, the thief left no trace to guide pursuit beyond the limits of the town.

Having demonstrated the futility of a further stay in Millfield, Hombert went back to Hardston bearing his double burden—a wrecked home and a lost child. The days went by, wasted in fruitless efforts to recover Elsie; for the remedy of his other grief, there was no effort to be made. He knew not the cause of Nell's estrangement, and therefore he could do nothing.

But even in his wrecked home he was more contented than in Millfield; for in the former place he was conscious of the sympathy of those who knew him, while in the former home of the Gardnillis the notoriety of those family affairs in which Jeck figured caused people of the Morrick stripe to look askance at Hombert. They were so much better than he, or any one who upon any pretence would be entangled in such affairs! With the usual discrimination of their class, these people included even poor little Elsie in their condemnation, and could strain from their hearts no grain of pity for her.

But the chief actor in the last outrage—the villainous Jeck—was there no punishment for him? No! not even reprobation. The court whose officer he had deceived by a trick, and whose writ he had dishonored and cheated, still bore his name upon the list of attorneys privileged to practice before it. Wonderful is the machinery by which justice is measured to the people!

Puzzled to know how Hombert had discovered the child's hiding-place, the lawyer was for a time suspicious of every one; but he hit upon nothing to turn his displeasure on the poor woman who was so sadly unhonored as his wife, so broken down by his treatment, that it would be heartless to remember against her the follies of former days.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RELIEF OF THE WATCHER.

A great grief walls a man in from the world. Sympathy, indeed, may look over the barrier; the tenderest of friends may break through it at times; but the desert preserve of a sacred sorrow can never be alienated. Not even that other soul which is one with his in every happiness, can relieve him in a grief that oppresses him most sorely when it burdens her sympathetic heart.

Some relief comes from bearing a load alone, to shield a dearer one. Thus the barrenest desert of sorrow is found when the heart that should need shielding in the arms of love, furnishes its own defence in indifference, or worse. It was Hombert's fate to taste the bitterness of such a lot as this.

Nell seemed to be happier than before, when she learned that her child was in the hands of Leela. The revival of any affection for the half-breed could be possible to Nell only by reason of disloyalty to her husband. Hombert found his hardest task in the effort to reconcile this truth with the belief to which he had always clung—that Nell's estrangement was the result of her error, or her weakness, and not a proof of actual falsity.

If he could have made choice between foes who would steal his child, he would have suffered that wrong with better hope at the hands of any one rather than the treacherous half-savage who had been his enemy from the first, and who was now in the service of the meanest rascal he had ever known. That Nell should find relief in what was to him the bitterest possible aggravation of his wrong, seemed to show that her love was utterly withered and her sense of duty dead.

It was his darkest hour. Turn which way he would, no hope was there. The very kindness of Mrs. Gardnilli, who could not conceal the fact that her own most poignant sorrow was due to Nell's perversity, only served to remind him of the depth and cruelty of his wounds. The forbearance of his mother in the East, whose letter contained but a single sentence in reference to his troubles—"You must recover the child"—gave him greater pain than he had ever before suffered at her gentle hands.

Finding no respite from his sorrow by day or by night—stopping unconsciously sometimes on the street to wrestle with the sharpness of his grief—there was at last hovering over his mind a sense as of a half-forgotten crime. Why should he be so afflicted except as punishment for an offence? It was to no purpose else that he suffered. Had good to any living soul come from it, he could have seen, or imagined that he saw, some reason for his affliction.

Again and again he reviewed his course since his acquaintance with Nell, to discover some selfish motive or unworthy purpose glossed over to his conscience. And each time he failed to find the fault. Few men would do as he did, but all men should do so. He wanted nothing but the assurance of his conscience for that. It was making a wreck of his life, but his course was right.

At this dark time, temptation came to the steadfast man—temptation in the guise of friendship.

It was a surprise to Hombert to receive a second letter from Millfield, intimating that aid in the recovery of little Elsie was offered. But this letter, unlike the other, was not anonymous. The name of Mr. Morrick was at the bottom of it. Not a name to inspire much confidence, it is true; but nothing of the kind was to be neglected, and Hombert once more journeyed to Millfield.

The letter did not go into particulars, but merely invited Hombert to call on Mr. Morrick with reference to news of the lost child. The young man chose to go to the business place of his correspondent rather than to his residence.

Like other people given to his peculiar style of benevolence, Mr. Morrick was thick-skinned. He had not been at all abashed by Hombert's remarks and abrupt departure at the time of the well-remembered taking by the hand. Of course, Mr. Morrick felt no resentment. Upon this he prided himself, as a proof of his forgiving spirit, for he had wit enough to know that most men would have resented the conduct which really had not wounded his self-complacency in the least.

"John," Mr. Morrick said, when greetings had been exchanged, "you're not looking well."

"I have been much troubled, sir," responded Hombert, moodily. "May I ask you to dispatch our business as quickly as possible?"

"Ah! John, you thought you knew best—I thought I knew best!"

Mr. Morrick did not add, Now I hope you see my superior goodness! But he indulged in a little silent and benevolent gloating.

Hombert had learned the hard lesson of endurance—that not one in a thousand of the affronts a man meets is he permitted to resent.

"We must choose for ourselves, Mr. Morrick," he replied. "I believe you have something to communicate to me."

"Yes, John; but not on my own account. My humble effort to take you by the hand at a critical time was so unsuccessful that I should be slow to try it again."

Having said this very meekly, Mr. Morrick paused. But Hombert was silent, and there was nothing for it but to go on in his own way.

"I believe," resumed Morrick, as if no faith was due to anything after the failure of his humble effort, "I believe you know who Mrs. Janus Jeck was—Mrs. Tossip when you knew her?"

"I know her, sir," Hombert assented, doubtfully.

"Yes. I thought so. Well, Mrs. Jeck wants me to say that she thinks she may be able to get your child for you."

"It will be a service that I can never repay!" exclaimed Hombert eagerly.

"Yes; I supposed you would like to get it," Morrick went on as easily as if he were buying wheat or selling flour. "She wanted me to put special emphasis on the words 'for you.' As she understands it, the parties interested don't want to keep the child from you. She can get it for you in case you wanted to take it away—say to the East, for instance. That is, if you wished to remain there with it. Without your—your family, of course."

Mr. Morrick paused again. Hombert, breathless, was trying to realize what the proposition meant, when the other went on again:

"Mrs. Jeck wanted me to say that she was acting with her husband's approval—he was with her, in fact, and confirmed it. I thought you might like well enough to make a change of location. Things hereabouts don't seem to turn out so well for you as they might. If you went East and made a new start——"

"Stop!" cried Hombert calmly but firmly. "I understand the proposition. You offer to give me my child if I will desert my—my family, as you term it. Mr. Morrick, it is very hard to insult a man who has had my experience. The lash of words falls lightly on one accustomed to be bruised as I have been by the wrongs you are tampering with!"

He turned away to hide his agitation.

"Well, well!" exclaimed complacent Morrick, "it isn't my affair, as I told you. I wouldn't venture to suggest anything, of course. Though I must confess that if I were to give an opinion, I should say that if you got away with your child and left your troubles behind, you'd be in a fair way to——"

"Hush!" Hombert shouted in uncontrollable exasperation—"If you knew half my torments, and how desperately I have to struggle against the madness they bring, you would not dare! Man, man! am I no longer human, that you try to traffic in my flesh and blood?"

His face was afire with rage. Even the complacent Morrick seemed to comprehend that there might be danger in pressing further the proposition he had made.

Without another word, the young man strode out of the place.

A few steps away, he was accosted from the rear by his good friend, Mr. Forseth.

"Just one word, Hombert!" exclaimed his friend. "I happened to be where I could not help hearing you and Morrick just now. I'm sorry for his sake, but I think Morrick has put his foot in it, and given you a chance. Here is a lawyer's card. Go and tell him what has just passed. I'm a witness, you know. Let the honest fellow win, if the heavens fall! Go in, my friend!"

He wrung Hombert's hand in his hearty way, and was off without waiting for thanks.

Hombert was in no mood for further effort that day. He would return and follow Forseth's advice at another time. Now he must have rest—rest in the home where sat the unloving wife for whose sake he had just refused to take little Elsie with all her assured affection.

But had Nell ceased to love him? It seemed so, judging by outward tokens. Yet as often as he asked himself the question, there rose before him the vision of her quivering lips and the memory of her voice, all so abjectly humble and pleading, that night when she held his hand on her breast and begged him to let no one set him against her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ARCHIE'S PROMISE.

BY V. J. O'B.

"You will not forget me, Archie, when you are among those beautiful Belgravian ladies, will you?" said the pretty girl, who stood with her plump arm on the garden gate, and her eyes uplifted to the tall young gentleman on the other side.

"Forget you, darling! Why should I? Haven't I spent my whole lifetime among these London ladies of whom you speak? Ah, Letty, you do not know me!"

She looked up and held her lips for a kiss.

"Forgive me, Archie. But if you should forget me, it would kill me. I could not live without you."

And thus they parted.

They had met but a few months before. He, a handsome and polished gentleman; she, a simple, beautiful country maiden. They loved. He, with the passion of a man whose heart was world-hardened and careless—she, with all a woman's trust and strength.

"I will never forget you, my own Letty!"

The first letter he sent her was long and full of pathos and love. The second, shorter, and yet tender and loving. The third, still shorter and business-like. The fourth—well, there never was a fourth. All this while sweet Letty Gray worked on as busy as a bee, and waited with patience for the letters which were to be her life. She read them as they came, and treasured them up in the little mahogany box, together with his picture which he had given her; and night after night, in the solitude of the little room, she sat and read them over and over again, and kissed them, through her tears.

Ah, Archie Eardly, you little knew the wealth of love which lay stored within that pure, sinless heart for you! Had you but known, methinks you would have turned back from the bustling city, and gathered her in your arms and kept her there for ever.

But he knew not. Life had been rough and beset with difficulties and disappointment had made him cold and selfish. Perhaps in early life he had loved as she now loved, and had been grievously disheartened. If not, it was something that had blighted his best feelings and made him false.

She waited until her heart grew sick, but no sign or word from him; and at last she took the mahogany box, and its cherished contents, and hid them away, burying her love with it.

* * * * *

A tired, world weary man was Archie Eardly eight years later, when again his foot pressed his native soil, and his heart more hard and selfish than when he left little Letty Gray that summer morning at the cottage gate.

He had wandered through Europe until its scenes of interest grew dull and meaningless, and his heart yearned for his native land. And yet what was there to greet him? Nothing! Neither home, father, mother, sister, brother, wife, or love.

Something brought back the old cottage, the fair-haired girl, who waved her hand to him from the gate, and blessed him as he went. It might have been far different, had he heeded and cared for her.

Yes. There might have been a wife and home for him. But, alas! it was too late, and there was nothing left but the bitter knowledge of his own folly.

He was weary, and he turned his face towards his native city, and found at least a welcome from some distant relatives.

"You will go to night to Lady Berkley's reception, won't you, Archie?" asked his pretty cousin, Mrs. Watson. "It will be a grand affair, and all the first people will be there. I have many celebrities to show you. You must see Lady Vavasour. She is the *belle* of our circle this winter."

"Is she handsome?"

"Superb! Beautiful! Everybody is crazy about her. I doubt me much, coz, if even in your wide travels you ever met a woman more lovely."

"I have seen many fair women."

"You will pronounce her queen of all. Mr. Wylde, who but lately returned from a Continental tour, says he never beheld a woman so beautiful. Promise me that you will go and see her."

"I will go to the reception, for I want to meet my old friends."

He had been in crowds until he hated them; but the elegant saloons, the heavy perfumed-ladened air, the brilliant dresses, the sparkle of jewels, and above all, the many dear familiar faces, charmed him for the time and he remained contented and at ease.

It was late; and heated with dancing, he drew his partner, who was an old friend, to a divan near the window, and sat chatting with her of the bygone days, when suddenly there was a low murmur near him.

A voice said—"See here comes Lady Vavasour! What perfect beauty!"

"Mr. Eardly," whispered his companion. "Look, there is Lady Vavasour!"

He looked in the direction indicated, and his heart beat wildly at the sight.

It was a woman, with a face of marble whiteness, save where a faint tinge of pink crept in and dyed it with a roseate glow; and a pair of large liquid blue eyes, fringed by curling lashes of wondrous length and beauty. Her rippling hair swept back in golden waves from the broad brow and was half confined by a tiara of diamonds. The mouth, tender, proud, and womanly, was wreathed in smiles, and thus revealed the pure, white teeth within. Her dress—a rich blue blue velvet—was made low to display the exquisite shoulders; and the white, beautifully rounded arms were bare to the shoulders.

A mist floated before his eyes; and, instead of this glorious woman and the brilliant ball-room, there came a little vine-embowered cottage, a low white fence, a wicked gate, and a trusting girl waving him a sad good-bye. Again, he was leaning over her, saying, "I will never forget you, my own Letty!"

Ah, how poorly he had kept that promise! How many a weary day of forgetfulness had passed! But with this queenly woman came back the old love and Letty Gray. He knew her, notwithstanding the change.

"Who was she?" asked his companion.

"I know not. I believe she is a distant relative of Lady Berkley's, and I think Lord Vavasour met her here. There are stories of the marriage being one of convenience. It is hard telling, for they appear happy."

She swept past him with her proud husband; and her jewels flashed so close to Archie's eyes, that he turned his head, and with it hid the sorrow in his face.

He could not silence the cry which came up from his heart; and it was upon his lips for days afterwards.

"Letty, lost, beautiful Letty!"

## FACETIÆ

"A rising man"—The balloonist.

"Green pears"—Young married folks.

"The ballot box"—A fight at the polls.

The flower for young fathers—The poppy.

Advice to boatmen: through the warm season—Give o'er.

Speaking of base ball, the first nine was probably the Muses.

"A milk punch"—Hitting the cow to make her stand around.

Early to bed and early to rise
Will save you some trouble from hungry flies.

The man with the jimjams does wrong in giving out that he belongs to the Shakers.

As Adam had to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, no doubt he began in July.

Who ever saw a plaster bust, or a spoke shave, or a devil fish, or a kettle drum, or a shad row, or a letter box?

It is now believed that the mission of the house fly is to prepare humanity for the properly profane reception of the mosquito.

Few barbers can ever look upon themselves as being one of
——the few immortal names
That were not born to dye.

"A subscription list"—Listening to a begging committee organized to procure woolen jackets for the natives of Central Africa.

There would be less willingness to go to war if the shot of the enemy were distributed like prize money—the larger part to the higher ranks.

Boys and girls both wear switches. The former's, however, is confined to no certain locality, and the thick end is generally in the old man's hand.

When the writers of old times used to talk about men keeping upright and straight they had no idea, apparently, of the doubling up capacities of the cucumber.

Every rose, it is said, has its thorn, but any one who has ever gone into the country to pick them, will swear that every blackberry has its fifty or a hundred.

One often meets unexpected courtesies in the country. It is rarely, if you give him a chance, that a bovine gentleman will not be willing to treat you to a "horn."

Among the various animal or natural mysteries contained in traveling circuses, menageries, etc., the construction of the lemonade sold may well be regarded as the greatest.

Just now is an excellent time to dispose of the youth next door, who plays on the accordeon from sunset to midnight. The coroner is certain to make it cholera morbus or sunstroke.

Edison's genius is grand, but he has never yet shown ability comparable to that which enables the skilful beer jerker to get five hundred glasses of the malty beverage out of a two hundred glass keg.

Both appear favorites, and therefore, in the absence of any positive statistics, it is impossible to ascertain whether, as a speedy and delightful means of suicide, the fly prefers the butter-dish or the cream-pitcher.

When a man does the best he can, he is entitled to credit. The credit can be omitted, however, when a tramp finds the best he can do is to take the "wash" without burdening himself with the tub or the clothes-lines.

Careful readers will have observed that most of the English poets have a good deal to say about the beauties of early morning. This same habit of coming home about dawn is still continued by a good many who are not poets.

A convincing proof that the old proverb, "The same is not the same," is true, is the fact that no man seems to be so proud when caught carrying home a mackerel, as when performing the same duty for a string of fresh "cavilies."

It is popularly believed that the first time man ever blushed upon this sinful earth was when as a boy he first saw the condition of his hair after issuing from a cutting and indiscriminate summer scissoring at the hands of his mother.

Another advantage in moonlight nights for lovers is that the brilliant radiance enables the young man to perceive the sign of the dangerous ice cream saloon from a remote distance, and consequently, by turning down some other street, save himself.

Somebody says that "snoring is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has no time to vent when awake." It may be, but it is also a primary condition of human nature, the second phase of which is generally a spring clothes-pin.

William Penn advised to always think twice before you speak once. If he had lived, however, and undergone an exciting interview with a nest of hornets, it is probable that he would so far have modified his doctrine as to acknowledge that exceptional cases require exceptional rules.

The innocent days of childhood form one of the sweetest periods of life. The slightest events then are glorious golden epochs. What a degree of ingenuousness it shows in a boy, that when treading the deck of a steamboat for the first time, he expresses to his father his error in always theretofore believing it bore some resemblance to a deck of cards.

A SAFE STAND-BY FOR THE FAMILY during the season of Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaints, Cramps, Diarrhœa, and all Bowel Complaints, is Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam—of admitted efficacy, and if occasion should arise, sure to prove useful.

### DREAMING.

BY CHAS. J. LIENEN.

'Twas night in the land of my dreaming.
But a glamour of velvety forms
Came out of the spirit—soft beaming
Of the phantom round moon, to my arms;
They tempted me out of my sorrow—
These cloudlet-born fairies of night,
And said, that the life of To-morrow
Would bring a surpassing delight!
Ah! causes of Hope's sad deceiving!
O, why did I listen, and kiss
Their ravishing eyes, with joy teeming
A wonderful idyll of bliss?
But then was I young, and believing,
Went whithersoever they led,
And heard not the willow's lone sighing,
Nor noticed the flowers were dead.
The flowers that seemed to be breathing
The airs of perpetual June,
When their petals and leaflets were dripping
With the sad dews of woe 'neath the moon!
But surely I thought—it is summer?
And so through the dolorous way,
I went with the spirits a searching
For her who was fest to the day.
They laughingly whispered of pleasures,
And once, when I burst into tears,
Brought flowerets and buds for my treasures,
And stilled all my doubtings and fears.
To the gate of a palace they led me—
A palace upreared in pale stone,
Where their low siren voices so sweetly
Kept saying within was my own!
Alas for my foolish believing,
Alas for the Hope that they gave,
I fell through an air that was freezing,
Down! down! to an ivy-wrapped grave!
And there the fair shapes that I'd followed
Changed quickly their woman-sweet forms
To demons, who grinned as they wallowed
O'er the tomb, 'mid dead flowers and worms!

# SWEET IS TRUE LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILDRED TREVANION," &c.

### CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"No, it is only the heat," Miss Blount declared. "On the contrary, I have good news. Papa—after I had abused him heartily in my inmost soul for about an hour—relented, and gave me money to buy a new dress for the Tauntons' ball; so I am perhaps just a little bit put out, you see, at having wronged him in my thoughts so much."

"Nonsense!" cried Harriet, leading her visitor into an exquisitely-furnished little boudoir—"you don't say so! Well, I am astonished at his amiability, and somewhat disappointed perhaps, as I had ordered a dress for you myself. There! you need not get so indignantly crimson—you are quite independent of my impertinent interference now. But tell me when it was your father became conscious of his iniquity."

"More than an hour ago," Miss Blount answered—"just after Captain Barrington arrived about some partridges for next month's shooting. I saw him pass the garden on his way to the square field, where papa was."

Mrs. Charteris laughed.

"I don't want to destroy the admiration you are cherishing for your father's unprecedented conduct," she said, "but I almost think I can guess what changed his mind. Did you not hear that Sir Mark Warrenne returned to the Hall the evening before last? And cannot you fancy how eager the Tauntons will be to have him at their ball—and what a desirable match the wealthy Baronet will be for Mr. Blount's beautiful daughter? Now do not look so savage, Tita, my dear—it is horribly unbecoming to your style; and do not make up your mind—as I see you are now doing—to revenge all this on the poor young man himself. He is totally unconscious of the whole concern, you know, and you owe him a debt of gratitude, as, but for his providential arrival at this particular time, you would in all probability never have danced at the Tauntons' ball."

"If I believed what you said to be really the case," Miss Blount began, angrily, "I would——"

"No; you would not, my dear, depend upon it," interrupted Mrs. Charteris provokingly, "as he is one of the nicest fellows I ever met. I know him extremely well, having been introduced to him last year in Switzerland, when he took the greatest fancy to me, and traveled about with us afterwards for at least two months. I liked him extremely well, and have kept up a correspondence with him ever since; besides, he has fourteen thousand a year, and a delightful place—quite enough to make Pluto himself lovely in these degenerate days—and is just the very man for you."

"And is old and ugly, I think you forgot to add," Miss Blount put in languidly, without the faintest suspicion of interest in her voice.

"No, he isn't," Harriet answered gaily; "he is everything your fancy could possibly paint him—'lovely' as Apollo, but, thank Heaven, by no means 'divine.' And, if you are a very good little girl, and play your cards properly, I will put in such a telling word for you that in the long run he will infallibly be 'thine.'"

"I do think, Harry, that at times, you have not a particle of sense," Miss Blount exclaimed, amused at the other's absurdity in spite of herself; whereupon the two friends broke into merry laughter, and went upstairs together to inspect Harry's dress for the coming ball, and decide on the color most becoming to Katherine Blount's style.

Having at length, after a somewhat stormy debate, arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that Miss Blount would make a very presentable appearance, indeed, in white silk and amber flowers, the two began to meditate a descent on Charlie's sanctum, for the express purpose of carrying off its occupant forcibly to luncheon from amongst his beloved beetles, when a horse's hoof ringing on the hard gravel arrested their steps. Mrs. Charteris' bedroom, being in the front of the house, overlooked a great part of the avenue; so, running hastily to the window to ascertain who the new-comer might be, she was both startled and delighted to perceive that it was no less a person than Sir Mark Warrenne himself.

"Tita, my darling!" she cried, "who do you think it is? The veritable knight we have been discussing. How fortunate that he came just now—you always look so delicious in your riding costume! Come, my dear, at once. I have set my heart upon this match. Tita"—with a sudden start—"what on earth is the matter with you, child?"—gazing anxiously at Miss Blount, who was standing nervously, irresolutely, in the centre of the apartment, her cheeks flushed and her fine eyes full of tears. A new idea struck her friend. "Katherine," she whispered, "tell me—is there anything between you and—your cousin?"

"Nonsense," Katherine answered, almost angrily, "how can you talk such utter folly? Do you know that Blackwood and I have been brother and sister ever since I can remember? Come"—changing her whole bearing with a visible effort—"we are only wasting valuable time here, when we might be, according to your showing, so much better employed; so take me down stairs, Harry, and introduce me to your handsome hero." And as she finished speaking, she held out her hand to Mrs. Charteris with a pretty, wilful grace, and a sudden assumption of good spirits that only partially imposed on her quick-witted, watchful friend.

However, she made no further remark just then, but took the girl's proffered hand fondly in her own, and led her down stairs into the tasteful, sunny drawing-room, where Sir Mark Warrenne was introduced to Katherine Blount, and where Miss Blount made herself as disagreeable as she very well could to that exceedingly inoffensive young man.

Mrs. Charteris was provoked beyond measure—how could Katherine show herself in such an unfavorable light?—and set herself with laudable perseverence to turn the conversation into a more congenial channel, finally suggesting luncheon as a last resource. This was always a pleasant meal at Castle Park, servants being strictly excluded, and a general air of unconventionality pervading the whole atmosphere; so Harriet fondly hoped that Katherine might thaw if exposed to its influence.

"I hope you have come home for good this time, Sir Mark," she began presently, smiling in her pretty friendly manner at the Baronet.

"I cannot say whether it will be for good exactly," he answered pleasantly, "but I have at last made up my mind to give the old country a fair trial. You see, after you left, Mrs. Charteris, I found traveling about by myself just the slightest degree in the world slow, so I threw it up after a few months' longer wandering. A fellow does feel the want of friends at some time or other, I suppose, and now my turn has come."

"I am afraid, for all that, you will miss the warm Italian skies and the beautiful Italian faces more than you fancy possible after awhile," Mrs Charteris went on, "and we shall be losing you again in a few months or so."

"I hardly think that," he answered. "My tastes are not altogether so foreign as you seem to imagine; indeed, to please me, I have seen more real beauty since my return to the old place than I ever saw abroad."

And involuntarily, as he spoke, his eyes fell on the exquisite downcast face of Miss Blount, who was sturdily demolishing her cold fowl in the most provokingly practical manner conceivable.

"There! What a compliment to our dear old England!" Harriet exclaimed. "I feel quite proud when I recollect you are just fresh from the 'Land of Beauty.' Tita, my dear, will you not acknowledge that it was a pretty speech?"

"Very," Miss Blount replied, with abominable coolness, and without deigning to raise her eyes—"quite the prettiest thing I ever heard, and so original. But, unfortunately, it has rather lost its charms for me, as I am quite tired of being told how extremely lovely I am."

Mrs. Charteris was aghast. She had never seen Katherine in such a wayward mood before, and could have shaken her heartily had they been alone.

But Sir Mark was inexpressibly amused at the novelty of her impertinence, and laughed.

"I am not surprised at being bored on that subject, Miss Blount," he said; "but I am rather sorry too, as I suppose my poor appreciation goes for little or nothing?"

"For nothing," the girl answered with sudden animation, raising her magnificent eyes for an instant, and flashing a glance at him that puzzled him considerably at the moment, and for a long time afterwards.

"Well, I won't waste my sweetness," he said carelessly. "Mrs. Charteris, shall I give you a little more of this Charlotte?"

"No, thank you," Harriet answered cheerfully; "but you may open the bottle of Moselle behind you, if you will be so kind, as we all seem sinking into the gloomiest spirits."

"May I help you, Miss Blount," Sir Mark asked presently, having done as he was desired, and gazing down inquiringly into Katherine's beautiful, but disdainful, face—"that is, without any danger of further offending you, I mean?"

"Offending me!" Miss Blount echoed, with well assumed innocence, a look of perfect astonishment overspreading her features. "I am not offended—how could you think so? As you see me now, so I am always—I can assure you it is my natural manner."

"Oh, indeed! I was fancying otherwise," Warrenne said, with a slight smile, accepting her statement in seemingly perfect good faith. "Then I may help you;" after which he sat down again, and addressed himself exclusively to Mrs. Charteris.

In the vicinity of two or three minutes Katherine arose.

"I must be going," she said. "Papa and Blackwood will be wondering what has become of me. Good bye, Harry; you will drive me into Belton to-morrow, will you not?"

"Of course I will," Mrs. Charteris answered, kissing her affectionately. "Good-bye until then, my pet, and take care of yourself; it is rather wild of you, is it not, to ride over here all the way without a groom?"

They had reached the hall door by this time, where Miss Blount's horse stood, held by a groom.

"Will you allow me to escort you home?" Sir Mark asked. "I can take care of you, I fancy, and so put Mrs. Charteris' mind at rest about your safety."

"Thank you," Katherine said, placing the tiniest foot he had ever yet seen, in the palm of his hand, preparatorily to mounting, "but I could not dream of giving you so much trouble. Besides"—ungraciously—"I generally prefer riding by myself."

"Conclusive," returned the young man, reddening a little, but gathering up the reins quietly and putting them into her hand, while Harriet felt almost ready to cry with vexation at the girl's wilfulness. "But I am sorry for my own sake that solitary rides are so much in favor with you, as it would have given me pleasure to accompany you."

Miss Blount relented. After all, it was not his fault, and probably he would never even want to marry her—it was not wronging Blackwood in any way to be commonly civil to him. So she turned and made amends for her rudeness very prettily.

"If it will really give you any pleasure," she said softly, bestowing a remarkably sweet repentant little smile on him, which was her method of being "commonly civil" to young men, "you can come; but I warn you I am not the most agreeable person in the world to go for a ride with."

"Thank you," Sir Mark found himself saying very gratefully.

And so those two rode down the long avenue of chestnuts together, little dreaming of the future that lay before them.

Three miles is a short ride, taking small time to travel, so it was not a very long while before they arrived at the Manor gate, where Warrenne drew rein and paused.

"Will you not come in?" Miss Blount asked, her manner more friendly than it had been hitherto. "You know papa long ago, I think, when I was away at school, and Blackwood—did you know him?"

"Your father and I were very good friends," Sir Mark answered. "I will call to-morrow and renew our acquaintance, as I cannot come in this evening, thank you; but 'Blackwood' I have not the pleasure of knowing—he is your brother?"

"No—my cousin," the girl answered, with a certain half-shy embarrassment in her voice which she somehow found impossible to restrain, and which caused the Baronet to feel a most unreasonable pain somewhere about the region of the heart—a pain he would have scorned to call jealousy, but which nevertheless was remarkably like it.

"Oh, your cousin!" he said simply. "Good-bye, Miss Blount."

He pressed her hand with unusual warmth, and went on his way musing vaguely about divers things that in some unaccountable manner always merged into a recollection of Katherine Blount's mocking, irresistible face.

Meanwhile that young lady cantered gaily enough up the graveled walk, all her old spirits quite restored now that the obnoxious Baronet was out of her sight, and having dismounted and run upstairs to change her dress for dinner, had come down again radiant in beauty and white muslin to encounter her cousin in the hall.

"Where have you been all day?" he inquired lovingly, taking both her hands in the old familiar fashion, and looking, with true, warm admiration, into her eyes.

"Riding!"

"Yes, riding," Katherine answered, feeling unusually glad to see him, and smiling brightly up in his face. "I went over to see Harry and tell her all about this ball affair, you know."

"Yes, I know, he answered, still retaining her hands, as though very loath to part with them, "and—did you hear that Sir Mark Warrenne has returned to the Hall?"

"Yes," she replied, a vivid, unwished-for blush crimsoning her cheeks. "I met him to-day at Harriet's."

"Did you?" Blackwood said with sudden bitterness, as he marked the conscious flushing of her face; and he dropped the clinging little fingers hurriedly, as though their kindly touch had burned him.

### CHAPTER III.

The Tauntons' ball was as great a success as anybody could possibly have wished; as indeed most balls in the country are, so little formality is mixed up with the amusement, so much real enjoyment mingled with the outward fun.

Miss Blount, in her gleaming white silk and amber roses, looked every inch a fairy queen, or anything else unusually lovely, all the night—at least so thought Mark Warrenne, to whom she appeared on that particular evening, and ever afterwards, the "darlingest" girl in all the world. He fell in love with her, hopelessly, irretrievably; as entirely as even Harriet Charteris could have wished, and was perpetually bringing her flowers, and sending up to London for books and music, all to make excuses for his incessant visits to the old Manor.

After a few ineffectual struggles to maintain her former stiff demeanor, Miss Blount succumbed, and treated him with that strange insidious mixture of womanly gentleness and childish petulance so dangerously sweet to those who were unlucky enough to enrol themselves under her banner.

Archibald Blount was more than satisfied with the state of affairs; affairs seemed improving, and brighter days loomed in the misty future. Already he saw visions and dreamed dreams of the time to come when his pockets should be once more amply filled, and the old place renovated from garret to basement. He thought with exultant glee of the brilliant prospect in store for him, when, thanks to his daughter's wealth, he would be for the remainder of his days far beyond the reach of that dread nightmare, Debt, and enabled to compass many things necessary to his own individual comfort, now utterly unattainable. So he calculated; and meantime Sir Mark, with the nervous timidity of a blushing schoolboy—despite his twenty seven years—was wondering when he should dare to lay his fourteen thousand a year at Miss Blount's diminutive feet, while Blackwood Craven, in the background of the picture, was quietly eating his heart away in silent, bitter hopelessness.

One morning, about eleven o'clock, Sir Mark Warrenne called at the Manor, and found Miss Blount in the smaller flower-garden overlooked by the drawing-room windows. Crossing the lawn, and vaulting the wire partition that separated the parterre where she was standing from the outer grass, he came up to her, and held out his hand.

"Good-morning," he said.

"Good-morning," returned Katherine politely, returning his smile sweetly, and giving him her hand with much friendliness. "You are determined we shall not call you lazy. Have you had your breakfast?"

"Hours ago. I have forgotten all about it. What! Would you have me lie in bed with the merry sun so high in the heavens? I am not such a sluggard as that."

"I apologize," said Katherine, with mock humility; "yet still I plead guilty to a feeling of intense curiosity. You must not think me rude, or imagine yourself unwelcome—but what has brought you here at this hour?"

"An overpowering desire to see you again"—with a laugh that completely banished all suspicion of flirting—"and—the fact is, I am going fishing—my rod is at the house. Will you come?"

"You take my breath away. Let me consider."

"You said a few days since, that you rather liked the sport, because it was an idle one, and entailed little exertion. You see I do not forget your smallest remarks. Pray do not look so superciliously at my clothes—you make me feel uncomfortable. I suppose I ought to make excuses for my toilet; but if my costume is aged, my heart at least is young, as they say at the Adelphi."

"I assure you," said Katherine, laughing and blushing, "I was not thinking of your clothes at all—I——"

"I am certain you were," he said; "your face betrays you. I own myself I don't exactly admire fishing boots. About six years ago I used to affect the most ravishing attire when going on these excursions—used to get myself up 'regardless of expense,' and looked upon my tailor as the most talented man of my acquaintance. But time cures all things, and you see me now a sadder but a wiser man. Besides, I have captured so many unwary fish in this coat that I have quite a superstition about it. But you do not answer. Will you come? Do come, Miss Blount, and I will let you have all the fish I catch—there! You cannot refuse so noble an offer."

"I could," said Katherine, "if I tried hard."

"Then don't try."

"By the bye"—laughing—"if you had said nothing about your shabbiness, I should never have found it out, and might have imagined your coat fresh from Poole."

"Your imagination must be your strong point. Never mind—I made you blush in the first instance, and that compensates me. When you blush you look very—— Come, I am eager to be at the silvery trout."

"One word before I decide."

"Well."

"Are you going to use flies, or—worms?"

"If I say the latter?"

"Then I shall say 'no.'"

"And if I say the former?"

"Then I shall say 'yes.'"

"The 'ayes' have it!" Sir Mark cried triumphantly. "I am using flies, and nothing else. Now you have no excuse but to come."

"The only drawback," said Katherine, still hesitating, "is my gown"—casting a doubtful glance at the long trailing white dress which she wore. Can I go like this?"

"Oh, no—not like that—you would utterly ruin your finery forever! Put on something short, and you will then be all right."

"And supposing I haven't it?"

"Anything so horrible would never suggest itself. Now hurry—the morning is taking to itself wings and will be gone before we know it."

Katherine ran into the house, threw aside the dress she wore, equipped herself in one more suitable, all in a wonderfully short space of time, and ran down stairs again to find him waiting for her on the lowest stair.

"Am I arrayed to your satisfaction?" she asked gaily, placing her hands behind her back and trying to look something like a naughty child going through its morning task.

"No—more to my discomfiture," replied he, with rather more fondness in his tone than he had hitherto allowed himself.

She made no reply, but, coloring faintly, followed him out into the warm, sweet-scented autumn air.

Through the grass they went, at first silently, then with small attempts at conversation, which increased and strengthened after a while.

"You and your cousin are very intimate—quite like brother and sister," said Sir Mark presently, *apropos* of nothing that had gone before.

"Quite," answered Katherine concisely, who hardly dared to carry on the conversation.

"It must be very pleasant for you to have him with you—this place is so awful dull."

"I do not find it so."

"No—but what is there to do?"

"Trout-fishing, for instance," suggested Katherine archly.

"So there is. Do you—ever go fishing with your cousin?"

"I haven't been lately. Long ago, when we were children, I used to go with him."

"He is very handsome."

"Is he?"

"Yes; don't you think so"—glancing at her searchingly.

"I am so accustomed to his face, you see," replied Katherine, with assumed indifference, though she knew her face had crimsoned vividly, to her great disgust. "But where are we going? Have you decided on any particular spot?"

"The mill-stream is a capital place for trout. There is a pool there that swarms with fish—do you know it?—rather near the mill?"

"Just directly below the sluice?" asked Katherine.

"Exactly. I believe your are a cleverer hand at fishing than I am myself. See, there is the old mill; how pretty it looks with its ivy-covered walls! When I was a boy, this was my favorite haunt."

"How romantic!" Katherine remarked. "To make the story complete, there should be a miller's daughter for you to fall in love with, and sacrifice your all to marry."

"I do not think I should fancy a miller's daughter. She would be overgrown and so healthy in appearance. Besides, I have my ideal formed."

"You are sincere?"

"Fatally so, to my own happiness."

"And your ideal? Describe her to me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "HANG THE BABY!"

BY AUGUSTA.

Suddenly she heard the sound of carriage-wheels outside; they stopped at the door; the bell rung; and a fairy like figure stood on the threshold of the room, in all the wistfulness of expectancy, with dimpling smiles and laughing eyes.

"Oh, Mabel!" cried Alice, starting to her feet with a glad cry. "This is indeed a surprise. I'm so glad you've come. My darling."

Forthwith ensued a scene of rapturous welcome. Then the baby was exhibited, and one would not have dreamed that a tear had ever stained the cheek of the proud mother. Then the visitor's trunks were ordered to be carried upstairs.

"But where's Herbert? In the study?" said Mabel at last.

All the light went out of her sister's eyes; her hands fell.

"He's—out, dear, at a party."

"What! Herbert at a party?" queried Mabel, quite subdued.

"Yes, he is; and when I told him I couldn't go on account of baby, he said, 'hang ba—baby!' Yes, you little angel, your own father said those awful words—and then he sl—slammed the door."

"He's a viper!" exclaimed Mabel, with sudden vehemence. "A nice way to treat a wife like you—a baby like that! But why couldn't you leave baby?"

"Because he was threatened with croup last week."

"But he's well enough now—sleeps deliciously. He'll not wake up all the night, perhaps. And the nurse would have taken good care of him."

"I should have been thinking of fire, and croup, and all that."

"Oh, nonsense! You ought to have gone. But Herbert had no right to behave as he did; and he must be punished;" and Mabel threw her wraps on the bed, and took her seat by the glowing fire. "It won't do to let him get the upper hand. Ah! I have it. I've thought of a splendid plan. A charming, delightful little plot," and she clapped her hands in glee.

"Oh, Mabel, what is it?" and Alice slid down at her sister's feet, gazing in her face with expectant smiles. "What are you going to do?"

"*I'm* not going to do it. I shall stay here and watch baby. *You* are to go to the party."

"Mabel, impossible!"

"Quite possible. In fact must be done. You must let Herbert see that you're as pretty as anybody, and quite as much admired. It is decided. You are to go to the party, and play a part. Let me arrange the programme."

"But, Mabel, I haven't a dress prepared—or anything. I gave up going a week ago, you see, when baby was threatened with the croup."

But Mabel would listen to no objections, and in less than an hour led her sister to the great French mirror, and laughingly introduced her to the loveliest and best-dressed woman she had almost ever seen.

Alice trembled a little when she found herself actually on the way to Mrs. Mountjoy's; but her sister's urgent will had conquered, and her heart was hardened by Herbert's emphatic expression concerning the baby. She was reassured however, by Mrs. Mountjoy's hearty welcome.

"So glad you've come, my dear," she said. "Your husband said he feared 'baby' would keep you at home; but I told him it was all nonsense. You did right to reconsider the matter."

Herbert was dancing when he first caught sight of her.

"How the dickens came she here?" he muttered to himself, as he led his partner, absently, to a seat, deaf to all her pretty words, blind to her fascinations. "It certainly is Alice—but that dress—the prettiest thing here! and I left her quite determined not to come. I don't understand it. Dancing with that military puppy, Guinotte, too. She knows I hate him."

With these amiable thoughts, he laid himself out to gain the attention of his wife, and make her explain. It was some time before he had the chance, so he was obliged to content himself with following her graceful motions, angry with himself and with her.

"Alice! Can I believe my eyes!" he said, at last, in the pause of the dance.

"I should think you might, rather," was the nonchalent reply.

"Pray, how did you come!"

"Pray, how did you come! I rode. Did you walk?"

"Well, but about the baby, Alice?" he asked, anxiously.

She put her rosy lips to his ear, and in a subdued voice, exclaimed:

"Hang the baby!"

Herbert started, and changed color. To be sure he had used the same language; but from her it was too exasperating. How he got through the evening he could hardly tell. When, at last, they were together in the carriage, driving home, there might have been an open rupture, but for the determined calmness of Alice, who took everything as a matter of course.

One glance in the beautiful nursery unsealed his eyes. There, by the fire, sat Mabel, her luxuriant tresses falling in glossy freedom over her shoulders, while the little fellow on her lap, clutching at one long, shining curl, crowed, and laughed, as well as he could for 'auntie's' smothering kisses.

A sudden revulsion of feeling came to the father's heart at sight of this sweet home-picture.

"Aha! I know who contrived this plot," he said. "But I am glad to see you, Mabel, nevertheless."

"Wasn't she the belle of the ball?" answered Mabel, saucily.

"There's no doubt of that. At any rate, I didn't get a chance to dance with her."

"Of course. Who ever heard in society of dancing with one's wife?" she said, sarcastically. "I see that she followed my directions implicity. You must learn, sir, that a house divided against itself, cannot stand—that is, if one half is flirting at a party, and the other half is at home, crying her eyes out."

"Oh, Alice—were you really?"

"I should think she was. I can assure you that I myself saw half the house dissolved in tears, and so wretched that——"

"Mabel, hush!" said Alice, imploringly.

"Traitor, do you turn on me?" exclaimed Mabel, with mock displeasure.

"My child," she went on, tossing the crying cherub, "tell your selfish papa that he also has *some* obligations, and that if you had known you were to be the bone of contention in this family, you'd have stayed in the garden of angels, where you were wanted."

Herbert was strongly affected by this audacious outburst, but it had the effect of leading him to see his duty in a new light. It taught him to reflect; opened his eyes to his selfishness; and made him, from that evening, a better and more considerate husband.

It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of a want of courage.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

BOOMERANG WARFARE.—A correspondent suggests the construction of projectiles on the principle of the boomerang, for reaching an enemy behind earthwork or embankments. The usual way of surmounting obstacles of this sort is to make the balls bounce over the parapet after first striking the ground.

ELECTROTYPES OF THE BRAINS.—Among the novelties to be seen at the Paris Exhibition is a series of specimens of plated human brains. In this case galvano-plasty has been applied for purposes of preservation to the brains of men and animals, and has wrought very remarkable results, the external surface presenting the hard, brilliant surface of a metal, while the inner substance assumes the consistency of mastic, and is quite unalterable.

A SIMPLE FIRE ESCAPE.—A simple fire escape has recently been invented, its object being to catch persons who are compelled to precipitate themselves from the upper stories of burning buildings. It consists simply of a net sustained on poles, which are held up by persons on the ground. Contrivances of this kind kept at police stations ready for instant use on alarm of fire, might be the means of saving many lives.

SOLIDIFICATION OF PETROLEUM.—A most curious effect on even the lightest petroleum oils is produced by the addition of powdered Saponaria. On digesting the powder in water and mixing it with the oil, the latter forms a very thick mucilage, so that the flask in which the experiment is made may be inverted without its contents flowing. It is still more singular that if a few drops of carbolic acid be added and the mucilage agitated it becomes in a few minutes perfectly limpid.

ELECTRIC LIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.—An architectural photograph of a large building has been taken in Dundee, Scotland, by means of the light from a dynamo-electric machine of a power equal to eight hundred candles. The view was taken by fifteen minutes' exposure in a crowded thoroughfare, during a drenching rain, and within an hour of midnight. The photograph could not have been taken so well by daylight, for the falling rain would have obscured it.

CINDERS IN THE EYE.—Persons travelling much by railway are subject to continual annoyance from the flying cinders. On getting into the eyes they are not only painful for the moment, but are often the cause of long suffering that ends in a total loss of sight. A very simple and effective cure is within the reach of every one, and would prevent much suffering and expense were it more generally known. It is simply one or two grains of flax seed. It is said they may be placed in the eye without injury or pain to that delicate organ, and shortly they begin to swell and dissolve a glutinous substance that covers the ball of the eye, enveloping any foreign substance that may be in it. The irritation or cutting of the membrane is thus prevented, and the annoyance may soon be washed out. A dozen of these grains stowed away in the vest pocket may prove, in an emergency, worth their number in gold.

OATMEAL.—Liebig has chemically demonstrated that oatmeal is almost as nutritious as the very best beef, and that it is richer than wheaten bread in the elements that go to form bone and muscle. Professor Forbes, of Edinburg, during some twenty years, measured the breadth and height, and also tested the strength of both arms and loins, of the students in the University—a very numerous class, and of various nationalities, drawn to Edinburg by the fame of his teaching. He found that in height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them the French; very much higher, the English; and highest of all the Scotch and Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years with at least one meal a day of good oatmeal porridge.

## FEMININITIES.

Miss Tompkins says that every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

It has been observed that as soon as a girl wears a nice diamond ring her nose gets to itching.

Chicago records the attempted suicide of a little girl, who had found life insupportable at fourteen years.

Y. M. C. A. are the initials of a young lady in New Hampshire. Several young men are anxious to join her.

Parasols for carriage use are made of silk, with lace cover, and beneath this a ruffle of white crepe lisse embroidered in flowers.

A young lady of East Saginaw, Mich., recently attempted to commit suicide by taking a large dose of Indigo. She had the blues.

Several ladies and children in England have been seriously injured by the use of "violet powder," a preparation containing arsenic.

Darwin says a woman loses one-tenth of her time looking for her thimble. He recommends that a shelf for it be attached to the frame of the mirror.

A Boston court decided a question which was long ago solved by many ladies, that when a woman lends money to her husband she can not recover it.

The following is suggested as a useful misquotation for young ladies whose friends stay too late: "Now is the witching hour of night, when people yawn."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, once adopted the bloomer costume, but gave it up when her father, Judge Cady, of Johnstown, N. Y., refused to recognize her.

A young lady of Logansport, Ind., recently sent a young man four quarts of butternuts as a token of acknowledgment for having saved her from drowning.

A Cincinnati matron says there is not a fashionable girl in that city but who would rather stay away from church than be seen wearing a pair of single button gloves.

The fact that George Washington's wife never asked where he had been when he came home late at night, goes a great ways toward accounting for his extreme truthfulness.

A New Jersey farmer's wife fell into a well, and it was four days before he missed her and made search. He said he thought the house unusually quiet, but he didn't know what made it so.

Spanish proverbs are at a discount just now, but this one is at par: "At eighteen, marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty, to her equal; but at thirty, to any one who will have her."

When a man is deeply, madly, irrevocably in love, even the air seems filled with lumps of sugar, while the shingles on the house that contains his Dulcinea look like sheets of molasses taffy.

A beautiful widow of Newport, R. I., having left her chalet for the season, was asked what induced her to desert such a charming retreat. "Too much balcony and too little Romeo," was her reply.

It is now announced, on the authority of that "eminent physician," that it is not healthy to rise before eight o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives can rise at seven and start the fire as heretofore.

"The evidence shows that he sat up with her night after night; and they squoze hands and talked soft, and I think she ought to have $25 damages," was the charge of a Kansas judge to a jury in a breach of promise case.

A modern philosopher thinks it a mistake to suppose women have stronger attachments than men. A man is often attached to an old hat; but he asks, "Who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

A father, in consoling his daughter, who had lost her husband, said: "I don't wonder you grieve for him, my child; you will never find his equal." "I don't know as I can," responded the sobbing widow; "but I'll do my best." The father felt comforted.

Although the Chinese language contains words for right and left, these are very seldom used. You will frequently hear of "the north hand," and "the south ear," etc. The packages on a mule are "too heavy on the south side; they must be shifted northward," and so on.

POLITICS AND THE FARM.—When a farmer goes into politics, and leaves his farm and half his brains at home, both will be very apt to grow up with weeds.

## The Adventures Of A Snail

One evening, as the sun shone out, just after the rain had fallen down, and made all the flowers and trees glisten with pretty diamond drops, a snail crept out of his hole in the wall and looked about him.

Ah! it was a very lovely world he saw—tall trees waved above him, huge gorgeous flowers reared their heads high up, for, you see, the snail was so small a that the flowers and leaves and plants were like grand forests to him.

Far, far away in the beautiful heavens the sun was slowly sinking to rest. That sight was too dazzling for the snail, so after gazing about him for a short time, he set forth on a voyage of discovery. The first thing he came to was a most lovely delicate pink boat, floating in a pool of clear water.

"Oh, pretty boat," said the snail, "will you let me come into you?"

"Nay," said the boat, which was a fallen rose-leaf, "for I could not bear your weight, snail; I am much too fragile."

The snail watched the rose-leaf floating gracefully about, and then turned away with a sigh, because he was not beautiful too, like the flower.

Soon his sigh of regret was changed to a feeling of alarm; for he saw a great two-legged creature covered with white feathers waddling towards him.

"Quack, quack!" said the creature; and the snail knew that the "Quack, quack" meant, "I want a nice fat snail for supper."

Well, he felt dreadfully frightened, and did not know what to do, but, fortunately, there was a big leaf lying on the path, so he crept behind it, and hid till his enemy had passed. Then he peeped out, to make sure all was safe, and as the creature had quite disappeared, set forth anew. He crawled along over a big mountain, and then entered a thick forest. The snail thought this was all very lovely, and his heart swelled with joy at all the beautiful things the good God had given; then in his own peculiar way he sang a little song of praise to the Creator.

The leaves of the forest were glistening with diamond rain-drops, and the snail thought, "How I should like to possess one of those diamonds, all for my very own."

Just as he thought this, down dropped one of the diamonds on his head. This made him put in his horns very quickly, for, you see, the drop was so exceedingly cold it gave him quite a chill. When he was coming out of the forest, he saw a great two-legged animal, much bigger than his first enemy, and this was what the animal said: "I should think there would be plenty of snails out this evening, mamma; I'm going to catch some, to give to the ducks."

"Oh, dear," thought the snail, "I wish I had stopped at home, for is so very dan ge o is out to-night. Oh, how frightened I feel!"

He drew into the shade of the forest, and waited until he thought all danger was past, and then peeped out; but he drew in again very quickly, for there was the two-legged animal about near the leaves in which he was hid. Presently he heard it say, "Well, I think I have got all the horrid snails from this bed, I shall go into the garden."

How glad the snail felt when he heard this cruel creature patter away. He rested for a while to recover from his fear, and then he came out of the forest. As he was crawling quietly along, he suddenly heard lovely sounds. A bird, lifting its little head towards the sky, was singing its evening hymn. Higher and higher, richer and richer, came forth the glorious notes, and the snail paused in delight to listen. Suddenly the song changed. First the bird sang a few little notes sweetly and faintly, then it made a little trill, and then it poured forth joyously a full song of praise, so loud and clear, that the snail held his breath in wonder.

Poor snail! he turned away sadly, for he felt so low and mean, such a dirty dingy thing, compared to the rose-leaf and the bird, and he felt a strange longing to possess something beautiful. Somehow the world did not seem so lovely now the sun had gone down, and diamond drops did not shine so brightly as before. He crawled along very slowly, and crept under a leaf to hide himself, for he thought, "No one cares to look at me."

Just as he was feeling very bad, he heard someone say, "Father, what are snails? They are such ugly things, I don't believe they are a bit of use."

"Don't say that," said another voice; "for every thing God made is of some use in the world, and we know He cares for the smallest of His creatures, even snails, so you have no right to despise them. I will tell you who used to think a great deal of them—your heroes, the ancient Romans. They considered them very good to eat, and used to keep them most carefully in enclosures made for the purpose, and feed them up to make them fat. Another thing—snails are thought to be very good boiled in milk, for people in consumption. So you see they are of some use. They certainly do a good deal of harm to the gardens, but they also help in a measure to clear away some of the dirt and rubbish that accumulates."

How pleased the snail felt at hearing that.

"Ah," he thought, "though I can't sing like a bird, and I am not beautiful like the rose-leaf, the good God has placed me in the world to do some little thing for Him, so I'll try and be content with my lot, and not grumble any more."

Then he crawled home, feeling very grateful to the kind voice that had said something good of him, and assured that he had his work to do, and was not utterly useless in the big world.

GRECIAN DOORS.—Winckelman, the German antiquary quoting the comedies of the Roman writers Plautus and Terence, observes that Grecians doors opened outwards, so that a person leaving the house knocked first within, lest he should open the door in the face of a passenger. Hinges were not then in use; and at Rome, Pompeii and Herculaneum, doors, even of marble, have at top and bottom pivots which turn in sockets.

## THE GOLDEN ROSE.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

Lilla walked through the garden, saying—

"I should like to be a princess." For she had been reading a story about a princess who had only to say "Come," and anything she wished for came at once.

It was a hot summer day, and she sat down on a mossy bank under an elm tree thinking over what she should wish for if she had the power of the princess. All at once the garden seemed strange to her, and she heard a voice saying—

"If you take a rose from me,
You will then a princess be."

She looked up and saw a sun-flower growing in a green flower pot which she had never seen before; and on one of the flowers was perched a tiny fairy.

"And you can have everything you wish for except one thing. And if you wish for that you will lose the rose."

"And what is that?" asked Lilla.

"You must never ask for soap-bubbles."

"That I shall not," said Lilla.

"You will be a princess as long as you keep the rose," said the fairy. "Good-bye; now I must go back to Fairyland."

So the fairy went to Fairyland, and Lilla went home; but no one knew her because she now was a princess, with long hair and a golden crown.

"I will go up to the castle," said Lilla, "p rincesses go to stay there."

At the castle they were expecting a princess, so they thought that Lilla must be the one who was coming, and they gave her a grand room to sleep in. On a table was a silver box which Lilla thought would just do to keep her rose in.

She would try what her rose would do, so she thought of a box of toys, and said—

"Rose, Rose, bring to me
Everything I wish to see."

And scarcely had she spoken when a maid came to say that a box had come for her. And when it was opened Lilla saw so many pretty things that she thought she would like a Christmas-tree. And again she said,

"Rose, Rose, bring to me
Everything I wish to see."

And in a few minutes a Christmas-tree arrived, hung all over with gold and silver drops, and colored tapers, and *bonbons*, and gifts of all kinds.

The people at the castle had never seen such a beautiful Chrismas-tree, and they did not mind it being there in summer instead of in winter, when Lilla divided the gifts among them.

Day after day Lilla asked her rose for something new, and every day more and more beautiful things came, till not only her own room but the whole castle was full of them. She gave them away to every one, for she soon got tired of them.

Everyday day she was trying to think of something she had not got, and at last she began to long for soap-bubbles, which were the only things she must not have.

But how beautiful thousands and thousands of soap-bubbles would look floating about in the sunshine with the rainbow colors upon them. She could think of nothing else, and cared for nothing else, and grew quite sad because she could not ask for soap-bubbles.

"Such a little thing," she said to herself. "What nonsense! I don't think it would do any harm to ask for the soap-bubbles."

Then she held up her rose and said to herself, "Shall I, or shall I not? Yes—no—yes—no—yes—soap bubbles!

"Rose, Rose, bring to me
Everything I wish to see."

She was in the garden, and there were clipped holly-trees not far off. But no soap-bubbles came. Lilla grew impatient; she shook the rose, and said—

"Rose, Rose, bring to me
Everything I wish to see."

Then suddenly the air was filled with soap-bubbles; and one bubble larger than the other opened, and closed round the golden rose and floated away with it higher, higher, higher, till Lilla could no longer see it.

She watched and watched till only two soap-bubbles were to be seen; and then she sank on her knees and stretched out her hands after them.

But it was too late; her rose had gone, and she was a princess no longer. Her hair was as short as it had ever been, and her crown had disappeared.

It was of no use to return to the castle, as the people would not know her; so she went back to her own home, where her father and mother were wondering what had become of her.

As for the people at the castle, they never heard of the princess again; and all the beautiful things she had given them vanished one night, for the fairies came by moonlight and carried them all away.

"What a pity!" exclaimed Lilla, opening her eyes.

"What is a pity?" asked Lilla's mother, who had come to look for her.

"Why, mother," said Lilla, "I have been asleep and have had such a pretty fairy dream, just as good as a story."

Then she told her mother all about it.

"Very pretty indeed," said her mother; "and you may learn a lesson from it."

"What is that?" asked Lilla.

"Why, that people who are always wishing for things, and can have almost anything they wish for, are not really happier than others. There is always something just out of their reach that makes them discontented with what they possess."

## SAVED.

BY M. W.

Sitting here to-night in the calm stillness of my own peaceful home, with no eye to see, or no ear to hear, but His alone who knows the secrets of all hearts, I offer up a prayer of sincere thanksgiving.

Twelve years ago one stormy night away up among the hills of the old Keystone State, I stood up and took upon myself the soleman vow of wifehood; promised before God and man to be a true and faithful wife while life should last, to the noble man upon whose arm I leaned in my childish fright, for I was but a mere child—scarcely fifteen years of age.

Looking back now it seems ages and ages since I grew to know and understand what was expected of me; so long ago, indeed, that I cannot now remember just what my feelings were in the matter, but I think they were a mingling of childish longing for novelty and change, and a sort of admiration, which was mistaken for love, for the staid, dignified man so many years my senior, that he might better have filled the position of the kind, loving father who had left us years before. I had dreamed my girlish dreams of love, young as I was, and knew that this love which he gave me, and which he said had always been mine since I was a wee, toddling little one, and he had carried me about in his great, strong arms, was not my ideal of a tender passion.

After a short, but delightful trip, which I, in my childish enthusiasm, heartily enjoyed, we returned to the home my husband had prepared for me—yes, for me, for I could see how my tastes had been consulted, and my wishes gratified before they had scarcely been expressed; and in the smallest particulars all had been arranged for my comfort and enjoyment.

For a while the novelty of my position, the brightness and beauty of my surroundings, satisfied me. I was happy, I thought; but in time I grew restless and discontented, and would wander for hours all alone within the deep shadow of the trees surrounding my princely home; and as the shadows beneath those trees deepened and darkened, as the sun sank to rest, so the shadows in my heart deepened and darkened as the days crept by.

I could not, indeed, understand the change which had come over me in a few short months. I only knew that I was so changed in mind and heart from the careless, light-hearted girl of the past, that sometimes I could scarcely realize my own identity.

Our home was only a few miles distant from the city. In the surrounding country my husband had acquired a wide and lucrative practice, and stood second to none among the physicians in his county. I was proud of his talent, and the reputation he had gained; for, childish and giddy as I was, I could understand the value of his character.

One evening, in the late autumn, I was all alone—he being absent on his accustomed rounds of duty. I felt an irresistible desire to walk for a while in my favorite haunt, as the chilly wind of early winter was even then reminding me that I would soon be deprived of that pleasure. Throwing a shawl over my shoulders, I went to the spot where I had spent so many restless, unhappy hours; walking to and fro for some time, I became weary, and, sitting down on a rustic seat, I leaned my head back against an old forest tree which had for months looked down upon me in my selfish solitude.

I had been sitting there but a short time, when suddenly my head was drawn backwards and a kiss pressed upon my lips, while a voice I knew so well, said:

"Laura, little girl, I have someone here I wish you to see."

Then there stepped in front of me a young gentleman.

The moment my eyes fell upon his face, I started almost at the familiar look in those eyes. What did it mean? Where had I seen that handsome face before? Ah! now the mystery is solved, for in less time than it takes me to tell it, my husband said:

"Laura, this is my nephew, Edgar St. Clair. Edgar, this is my wife, and your new aunt."

I saw a look of surprise light up his face the moment our eyes met, but with well-bred ease and grace he took my hand and gallantly kissed it, saying he was very happy to meet his new aunt.

He had been traveling for two years, and as he was my husband's favorite nephew, had hastened early on his arrival to his own land, to his uncle's house. He had traveled over half the word, and had thoroughly enjoyed what he had seen. His descriptive powers were something wonderful, and he was certainly the most brilliant and pleasant talker I ever listened to.

As I sat day after day listening to his beautiful and eloquent description of the world, of which I knew so little, I forgot my unhappiness and discontent, and a strange, sweet joy crept up in my heart. I did not stop to ask what it was, nor whence it came, but just opened my heart and took it in, and somehow the world grew bright again.

But the days and months of his stay brought to me a revelation. Oh! I soon grew to know why it was that my pulses quickened, and my heart beat almost to suffocation at the sound of his footstep, or the slightest touch of his hand. I could no longer deny to myself the fatal love which degraded me. And although he had never dared to express his feelings in words, yet I knew as certainly in a thousand nameless ways that a power stronger as death was holding him.

The cold, stormy weeks and months of winter sped by on light wings; indeed, the time had gone all too quickly, for now in a few short days, Edgar had told us, with his dark, piercing eyes looking down into my very soul, that he *must* go, pleasant as his visit had been.

Oh! how dark the world suddenly became, and how my heart sank like lead at his words. But in the dark, secret side of my heart, where that forbidden face lay, there was a giant pride—a full grown, deathless self-respect, which kept the quicksands on which I stood firm under my feet, and made me shrink back from showing him my heart.

With the opening of spring came that dread and terrible scourge known as the spotted fever. My husband, with his wide practice, rode day and night, scarcely allowing himself time to take sufficient rest and nourishment.

The last evening of Edgar's stay had come. Since early morning a slow, drizzling rain had been falling. My husband had snatched a few hours sleep, and started at an early hour to visit several of his patients a long ways off, where the dread messenger had already made its appearance. He had complained of a slight headache, and had seemed feverish, but would not listen to my entreaties to lie still and take the rest he so much needed. An undefined feeling of uneasiness and dread seemed to oppress me, and feeling too sad and gloomy then to seek even Edgar, whom I had seen a few minutes before walking back and forth on the veranda, I wandered into the parlor, and sitting down to the piano, carelessly running my fingers over the keys, I drifted into the chords of that plaintive little Scotch song:

"My heart is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break;
I'm wearing fast awa, Willie,
I'm dying for your sake,"

when suddenly I was clasped closely in some one's arms, and a voice I had learned to know so well, in broken, pleading tones, said:

"Oh, Laura, darling! darling! my precious one, are you dying for my sake as I am for yours? I cannot—*cannot*, go away without you; cannot *live* separated from you."

And all the while he pressed eager, passionate kisses upon my lips and brow. For one short moment I closed my eyes, and then sprang to my feet at the sound of my name uttered in a voice so changed from the well-known tones, that I scarcely recognized it.

Oh! never while life lasts shall I for one moment forget the awful, white, drawn look of anguish on my husband's face.

For a moment, which seemed like an eternity, he stood looking, as it seemed to me, straight down into my soul; and then, without uttering a word, turned away, left the room, and mounted the stairway before I had time to move or utter one word.

I never once thought of Edgar, who had been the cause of this terrible trouble. The only desire I then had, or the feeling I was sensible of, was a wild, unutterable longing to get to my husband; to throw my self at his feet, to plead and pray for his forgiveness; and I never knew how I got there, but I found myself standing at the bedside, looking down upon the closed eyes and mute lips, of a face whose rigid lines struck new terror to my heart. I threw myself beside the bed in an agony of grief, calling upon my husband for forgiveness. Oh! how unworthy I felt. How I longed, yet feared, to see those eyes unclose; but, although he once or twice moved slightly and moaned as if in pain, he made no other sign that he even heard my grief. I then saw that he was delirious.

I was kneeling by the bed, with my face buried in the clothes, weeping and trying to pray, when suddenly I felt the light touch of a trembling hand rest upon my bowed head; and looking up I met the clear light of reason in the eyes beaming with tender, loving forgiveness upon me. But I could not so much as lay my hand upon him, until he bade me come. Kneeling before him, I asked him to forgive me, and, in answer to my pleadings, he reached out his weak, trembling hands, and drawing me down into his arms, folded me close—close, to his heart, and pressed a long, lingering kiss upon my lips. Clasping closely his dear hand in my own, I again knelt beside the bed, and with a sweet, ecstatic song of thanksgiving surging through my heart, dedicated my life and being to Him who had given me back that which I, in my sinful folly, had so nearly forfeited—the rich inheritance of my husband's love.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

MOLES AND MICE.—A simple remedy to prevent the presence of moles and mice in hotbeds is said to be to stick pieces of green elder bushes into the ground in the premises infested, and these troublesome creatures will give it a wide berth.

SEEDS AND WEEDS.—The destruction of weeds should be constantly attended to, for, like insect pests, they multiply enormously. A weed plucked before it goes to seed, will prevent the growth of hundreds the following year, for here the old adage is uncommonly true, that "one year's seeding causes fifteen years' weeding."

CARE OF HORSES.—Now, with hard work, teams require good care. Horses will come from the field in much better condition if they are protected from the worry of flies. The best protection is a thin sheet made to fit the neck, with holes for the ears, and to buckle under the throat and cover the back, hanging loosely at the sides, to give access beneath. It should be held by a crupper band beneath the tail. Too much corn fed now is apt to produce irritation of the skin, and to make the animal restless.

CHURNING.—At certain times, from some peculiar cause, much difficulty is encountered in churning cream into butter. There are instances of persons having churned the whole day to no purpose, which is certainly very trying to the good housewife. As a last resort, try a tablespoonful of soda or pearl ash, dissolved in a pint of warm water; pour it into the churn while it is in motion, and if butter does not form after this application, the attempt may be abandoned as hopeless.

NEW MILKING MACHINE.—A man in Bethlehem, Conn., has patented a new instrument for milking cows. It consists of four small silver tubes, about the size of a knitting needle, with holes in the sides, the ends rounded and very smooth. The tubes are inserted into small indiarubber tubes about six inches long, fastened together at the lower end. When the small silver tubes are introduced into the teats about an inch, the milk will immediately flow in a continuous stream until the last drop is drained.

EXHAUSTING THE SOIL.—Many farmers who find that their "meadders kinder run out" forget how much a crop of grass exhausts the soil. A crop of English hay that weighs two tons, removes from the soil about 62 pounds of nitrogen, 70 pounds of potash, and 18 pounds of phosphoric acid. From an acre a crop of clover hay, weighing two and a quarter tons, abstracts about 173 pounds of nitrogen, 110 pounds of potash, and 22 pounds of phosphoric acid. Two or three crops in succession, without manure, would almost exhaust the best land.


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### COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD.

BY F. E. B.

Life's milestones, marking year on year,
Pass ever swifter as we near
The final goal, the silent end
To which our fated footsteps tend.
A year once seemed a century;
Now like a day it hurries by:
And doubts and fears our hearts oppress,
And all the way is weariness.

Ah me! how glad and gay we were,
Youth's sap in all our veins astir,
When long ago with spirits high,
A happy, careless company,
We started forth, when everything
Wore the green glory of the spring,
And all the fair wide world was ours,
To gather as we would its flowers!

Then, life almost eternal seemed,
And death a dream so vaguely dreamed,
That in the distance scarce it threw
A cloud-shade on the mountains blue
That rose before us soft and fair,
Clothed in ideal hues of air,
To which we meant in after time,
Strong in our manhood's strength, to climb.

How all has changed! Years have gone by,
And of that joyous company
With whom our youth first journeyed on,
Who—who are left? Alas, not one!
Love earliest faltered on the way,
Then turned his face and slipped away;
And after him, with footsteps light,
The fickle Graces took their flight,
And all the careless joys that lent
Their revelry and merriment
Grew silenter, and, ere we knew,
Had smiled their last and said adieu.

Hope faltering then, with doubtful mind,
Began to turn and look behind.
And we, half questioning, were fain
To follow with her back again:
But Fate still urged us on our way,
And would not let us pause or stay.
Then to our side with plaintive eye,
In place of Hope came Memory,
And murmured of the Past, and told
Dear stories of the days of old,
Until its very dross seemed gold,
And Friendship took the place of Love,
And strove in vain to us to prove
That Love was light and insincere—
Not worth a man's regretful tear.

Ah! all in vain—great 'twas a cheat,
Yet no voice ever was so sweet—
No presence like to Love's, who threw
Enchantment over all we knew;
And still we listen with a sigh,
And back, with fond tears in the eye,
We gaze to catch a glimpse again
Of that dear place—but all in vain.

French not, Ostern Philosophy!
Naught we can have, and naught we see,
Will ever be so pure, so glad,
So beautiful, as what we had!

Our steps are sad—our steps are slow—
Nothing is like the long ago.
Gone is the keen, intense delight—
The perfume faint and exquisite—
The glory and the effluence
That halved the enraptured sense,
When Faith and Love were at our side,
And common Life was deified.

Our shadows that we used to throw
Behind us, now before us grow;
For once we walked toward the sun,
But now, Life's full meridian done,
They change, and in their chill we move,
Further away from Faith and Love.
A chill is in the air—no more
Our thoughts with joyous impulse soar,
But creep along the level way,
Waiting the closing of the day.
The Future holds no wondrous prize
This side Death's awful mysteries:
Beyond, what waits for us, who knows?
New Life, or infinite repose?

## The Gossips of Tattlehill.

BY NANNIE SADLER.

Tattlehill was a very suggestive name of a very gossipping community. It had received its name from a family of Tattles, who had settled there in an early day, and who had done nothing very remarkable, save to give to the world a succession of little Tattles, who in turn had multiplied, until at the third generation they threatened to annihilate every other element in the community except the Tattle element.

In fact, the whole neighborhood, with but very few exceptions, was exceedingly "tattle," not only by name, but by nature also. And I will add, that they were also profoundly ignorant; for instead of following the ordinary rule of mortals generally, and growing "weaker and wiser" with each successive generation, their increase and decrease of physical and mental power, though in the same ratio, seemed to be in the opposite direction. Never was Tattlehill so much in its element as when engaged in propagating or spreading some enormous scandal, and woe to the unlucky victim whom circumstances placed in the least degree in their power. Innocence was dragged in the mire, and even the members of the Tattle family were not exempt from danger, if no other bait presented itself to these ravenous scandal-mongers.

At the time of which we write the leader of the gossips was one Mrs. Ebenezer Tattle, whose ever wagging tongue, and keen, cruel scent for evil, made her a power among them, and she was according installed as commander-in-chief of all the Tattles. If there was an unusually wicked and flourishing story in circulation, Mrs. Ebenezer's name was always quoted as authority. In truth, most people feared her, and bore all manner of abuse passively rather than incur her displeasure. But there came at last to the village a family, who, she soon found, neither loved nor feared her. Business interests called Mr. Heath to the place, and with him came, of course, his quiet, refined family, consisting of his wife and only daughter. Strong in their sense of virtue and honor, they believed in the old proverb that, "Truth will stand against the mighty;" and proceeded at once to let Mrs. Ebenezer severely alone. Of course, she raved at first, but finding such manifestations unavailing, she set about arranging her tactics for a raid. First, she marshalled her strongest forces, in the persons of three of the best gossips, viz.: Mrs. Peter Tattle, Mrs. Martha Smith, who, though by birth she was a Gentile among them, was none the less efficient in service; and lastly, Miss Samantha, an old maid of the Tattle lineage, who was in reality little more or less than Mrs. Ebenezer's echo.

"She's a stuck-up minx, and wears white wrappers every day," said Mrs. Peter Tattle, referring to Miss Kate Heath, who being very proud spirited and undisputably a lady, was, of course, to be the object of their malicious wrath.

"She thinks she's terribly smart; but we'll show her that she can't slight us for nothin'," said Mrs. Ebenezer.

"So we will," echoed Miss Samantha.

Then followed a multitude of dark hints and suspicions, accompanied by wise shaking of heads, and uncharitable remarks, and when, two hours later, they dispersed, each one had a wise, knowing look, and was prepared to tell every one they met, (privately, of course) that "there were pretty hard stories about that Kate Heath, and it was considered by them as knew her, that she wasn't very respectable."

As yet they did not come out with any explicit statements, for, as everyone knows, such people are always cowards, and dread being brought up to face their iniquity, and, as Mrs. Ebenezer expressed it, "Folks had to be pretty careful not to say anything about anybody's character that the law could handle 'em for."

So things went on for some time, every now and then a new titbit being added to the scandal, and Mrs. Ebenezer was in her glory.

To be sure, nobody had ever seen so much as a straw amiss with Miss Kate, but everybody had heard dark hints and multitudinous insinuations, and Tattlehill was not a place to go for justice. If anyone ever ventured to question the veracity of the evil reports, some one would indignantly exclaim: "Don't Mrs. Ebenezer Tattle live in plain sight of 'em, and I'd like to know if she hadn't ought to know if anybody does," thus effectually silencing the most daring. But all the same, each and all knew in their hearts that Mrs. Ebenezer knew just as much, and no more, about things going on at Heath Place as she did about the Hottentots or South Sea Islanders.

Now and then a whisper of the outside malice would reach the inmates of the Heath mansion, but being exceedingly proud people they did not deign to notice it in the least degree, though, of course, they were chafed, and sensible people who knew Miss Kate declared her to be the very soul of truth and honor.

In the course of time an event transpired which turned the minds of the gossips into a new channel—for a time, at least.

About half a mile from the village stood a beautiful and magnificent dwelling, which had been built some years before by a rich gentleman, who, soon afterward left it to travel for his health, and it had since remained unoccupied. Now, it was rumored that it had been purchased by a wealthy young merchant, who intended to make it his summer residence.

In due time he arrived, and proved to be a tall, commanding gentleman, of exceeding fine appearance, with a petite, graceful little lady hanging on his arm, whom Tattlehill at once set down as his wife.

In some way it became known that the new comers were old acquaintances of the Heaths, and it was also said that the supposed Mrs. Gordon had once been a schoolmate of Kate's. At anyrate, they were seen to embrace very lovingly when they first met, and so soon as the Gordons were fully settled, the two families exchanged frequent intercourse.

But Mrs. Ebenezer Tattle saw more than this. In going from Elm Grove, as Mr. Gordon had named his new homestead, to Heath Place, it was necessary to pass directly by that worthy lady's door, and, as she herself expressed it, "She had her eyes open." It was not long before she saw to her horror that Mr. Gordon spent a great many hours at Mr. Heath's house, unaccompanied by his lady; and one evening as she was passing—by chance, of course—just as the soft gray summer twilight had begun to envelop the surrounding village, oh! horrible to relate! there under the shade of the great rose-bush on the lawn, stood Mr. Gordon, tall and noble-looking as ever, and Miss Kate, resplendent in one of those bewitching white wrappers, which had been her bane, looking as lovely as a picture, his arm encircling her slender waist, and he was actually whispering tender words in her willing ear.

Mrs. Ebenezer was so shocked and overcome that she could not possibly tell how she ever managed to reach home, and still less how she contrived to wait till morning before she summoned her allies.

"Something ought to be done," she said, when the three dignitaries were once more assembled in her parlor. "To think of that good-for-nothin' jade goin' and disturbin' the peace of honest families. What's the world comin' to, I'd like to know!"

"It's hard to tell," simpered Martha Smith. "Who knows, Miss Tattle, but she'd go tew stealin' the affections of your husband or mine next?"

Mrs. Ebenezer fired up.

"I hain't none troubled, Martha Smith," she exclaimed, "about my husband. He knows how to appreciate a sensible, truth-lovin' woman."

"Yes; so he does," put in Miss Samantha feelingly.

Mrs. Ebenezer went on:

"As I said afore, somethin' ought to be done. To think of that pretty little creature a-livin' up there alone, and him a-deceivin' her all the time. Oh, dear! I don't envy her her fine clothes and furniture."

"But, what can we do, my dear Elizabeth," said Mrs. Peter Tattle, who had before remained silent.

"Well, I've been a-thinkin'," said Mrs. Ebenezer, "and I've come to the conclusion that it's our duty to appoint a committee to go up there and tell Mrs. Gordon of her man's goin's-on, and then if she's got the spunk of a rat she'll——"

"Scratch his eyes out!" interrupted Martha Smith, savagely.

"Pull his hair all out of his head," said Mrs. Peter Tattle, ferociously.

"As I was sayin'," went on Mrs. Ebenezer, "If she got the spunk of a rat, she'll get divorced afore she's a day older."

"Yes; get a divorce," echoed Miss Samatha, joyfully.

Accordingly it was decided that Mrs. Peter Tattle, Miss Martha Smith, and Miss Samantha Tattle, should constitute the committee which was to bear the sorrowful tidings to Mrs. Gordon.

Mrs. Ebenezer contrived, as she usually did, to creep through a very small hole, considering that she weighed precisely two hundred pounds, at the last moment, and shirked the responsibility.

The committee proceeded to Elm Grove, being duly impressed with the solemnity of their mission.

They rang the bell and a servant appeared, who soon after ushered them into a sumptuous apartment, where Mrs. Gordon sat, apparently as happy and contented as a queen. She recived them kindly, but somewhat coldly.

Martha Smith had been chosen spokesman, having the most ready tongue. She hem'd and cleared her throat, after which there was a painful silence. It was not so easy a task when they came to the point.

"It's a very mournful errand that's brought us here, and we're very sorry for you, indeed we are," she simpered at last.

"Yes; so we are," chimed in Miss Samatha, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

Jean Gordon was frightened. What could be the mournful errand which brought these women here? She had a vague idea of burglars and assassins.

"What is it?" she asked, turning pale. "Is Harold murdered? Tell me all! I can bear anything better than suspense."

Martha Smith gained courage by this outburst.

"No," she said, "he is not dead. It would be better for you if he was, poor thing!"

Here she paused and wiped her eyes.

"Your husband is not dead, Mrs. Gordon," she continued, "It's his goin's-on with that good-for-nothing jade, Kate Heath, as has brought us here; a-huggin' and kissin' her in the moonlight, and we thought you ought tew know it. She hain't never been very respectable, any how, but——"

Here Jean Gordon's temper got the better of her. She rose and opened the door precipitately. She might have taken it all as a good joke, if it had not been for that slanderous thrust at her friend's character.

"Ladies," she exclaimed, vehemently, as she held the door wide open, "I give my brother credit for knowing enough to attend to his own affairs; and if he chooses to pay intimate attentions to Miss Heath, I am perfectly satisfied, knowing as I do, that he could not give me a more worthy sister."

"What!" stammered the discomfitted tool of Mrs. Ebenezer Tattle, "you—don't—mean to say that—that you are not his wife?"

"Yes," answered Jean; emphatically. "I do mean to say that I am not his wife, but his sister; not *Mrs.* Gordon, but Miss Gordon; and now I hope you will go home and learn to mind your own business." And she actually shut the door in the face of Miss Samantha, who was the last one to pass through.

Poor Jean! She might as well have wished that the waters of the Amazon would turn and flow backward.

The crestfallen committee wended their way slowly and silently back to the dwelling of Mrs. Ebenezer Tattle.

"Well!" queried that lady, as they walked in the door and then sat down in an exasperated manner in three successive chairs. "Well!" she repeated, when her first query was not answered, "what did she say?"

"Why," ejaculated Martha Smith, furiously; "she said she wasn't his wife at all—and—and we'd better mind our own business."

"She insulted us," said Mrs. Peter Tattle. "She turned us out of doors and shut the door in our faces," put in Samantha Tattle angrily.

Mrs. Ebenezer put up her hands in horror.

"If she ain't his wife, I'd like to know what she is, then!" she exclaimed.

"Why," said Martha Smith; "she said she was his sister; and if her brother wants to pay attention to Kate Heath, she hain't got no objections."

Mrs. Ebenezer was considerably checkmated, and she sank back in a chair, but she soon rallied.

"And so she sets herself up to insult the members of this respectable truth-lovin' community!" she ejaculated. "She'll git her pay for this; see if she don't," And forthwith they all agreed that "it wasn't very respectable for even a brother and sister to come to Tattlehill, without as much as tellin' that they wasn't man and wife."

But before they had time to manufacture a public scandal, Harold Gordon sealed his compact with Kate Heath, and took her to preside over his luxurious home, which she was in every way fitted to grace and adorn.

Even the curious ears and prying eyes of Mrs. Ebenezer have since then failed to detect any flaw.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

At this season, when all kinds of plans are being made for pleasantly passing the summer holidays, in which "bits of travel" to sea or mountains take a prominent part, a few words on traveling dresses and other necessaries will not be out of place. The first object of those who propose to move about a great deal is to reduce their luggage, so as not to be overburdened with superfluous articles. Equally important is the traveling dress, the texture of which depends upon the journey to be taken. If this is to be performed by rail or carriage exclusively, a material which repels the dust in the first consideration, but if much walking is contemplated, as is generally the case in picturesque mountain districts, something which defies the effect of water should be considered. Boating or yachting excursions demand the same consideration, in selecting something which is not easily affected by contact with water. There is nothing which looks so badly for traveling use as a dress never originally intended for such purposes, but half worn out and shabby. Many ladies adopt the principle that "anything will do to travel in," oblivious of the fact that they see more people on a journey than they do at any other time, so that their dress is entirely inappropriate for the occasion. A traveling dress should be of strong material, neither light nor showy in color, nor overburdened with frills and flounces, which only serve to catch the dust. Black silk is undoubtedly a very pretty traveling dress, but it should be adapted to it by simple trimming, or if an old one, by careful mending, and not taken with its shining bodice and frayed out trimming, and applied to such hard usage as a traveling costume is subjected to. There are so many soft woolen fabrics this summer, it is not difficult to select something pretty, becoming as well as useful. All wool materials prove the most durable, and are in all the soft subdued shades of brown and gray; navy blue serge is always sought after, while many prefer the tiny checked wool materials in blue and white, black or brown and white. Bunting is also popular with many, either in plain colors or roughly threaded like the bourette fabrics. For short journeys, or as a useful change with heavier materials, cera linen or batiste makes an appropriate costume, but should be made with extreme simplicity and without the style of trimmings which are appropriate on such costumes only when intended for home wear. One has but to glance at any well dressed party on voyage to see that the short costume is generally adopted by all who regard good taste and a sensible appropriateness in a traveling costume, for it meets the eye so frequently it shows how well adapted it is to our wants, more especially when placed side by side with one overburdened with a long train skirt, beside the well filled shawl strap and umbrella or traveling bag.

The most popular model for these short costumes is the round skirt, either with an entire kilt-pleated skirt, or a kilt flounce about a half or a third of a yard deep, with full deep pleats. The overskirt is simply stitched on the edge and turned up in front *a revers*, showing a facing of silk of the same shade, or only the dress material. The familiar draped apron front is also popularly used by many. With this is worn a coat bodice, to which may be added a vest of silk corresponding with the facing on the overskirt. The cutaway coat and vest are also in great favor. The pleated blouse is another form much used, and seems more especially adapted for linen or batiste. The pleats may begin at the square yoke or from the neck back and front, and extend below the waist, forming a round basque, while under the arms the material is plain. A wide belt completes it in detail. To many elderly persons the polonaise is an important part of a traveling dress, being more becoming. With this is worn the same style of skirt, with the kilt-pleated flounce. The polonaise is simply stitched with a blue hem on the edge; the seams of the waist extend down over the hips, fitting smoothly, and the drapery slightly bouffant in the back, and closed down the front which may be drawn in loose folds toward the back. A graceful style is one in which the back drapery is left open, with the stitching extending up each side, and looping one side is looped up over the other, forming a hood effect, and drawn slightly toward the side, so that these two back breadths lap one over the other. To give the desired fulness, the material is cut its full width from the bottom of the waist seams in the back. The ulster of pongee or linen has become an indispensable part of the traveler's outfit. These are made with the long loose sacque fronts, either double or single breasted. The backs are long, and seamed in to fit loosely, and held in by a belt; or the skirt is pleated in under a cross-piece. Mr. Wanamaker has these in great variety, well made, and all sizes, at prices ranging from $2.50 up.

The English shaped round hat of black or brown chip is the most popular, the trimming consisting of a gauze scarf matching the color of the dress; or a plaid or figured silk scarf takes its place. To either of these may be added a pretty wing or breast, with a fancy pin. Ostrich feathers are more dressy, but are so easily affected by a shower, or dampness of the atmosphere, they are soon shorn of their beauty, which affects the whole costume. A gauze veil to cover the head entirely is an important accessory, so our comfort, and to this should be added a dark silk handkerchief to protect the neck from dust.

With all costumes for traveling, lace, either black or white, is out of place. The linen collar and cuffs should always be scrupulously neat and fresh in appearance. Jewelry should be worn only as to its utility, the watch of course being an important feature, but conspicuous watch chains should be changed for one of ribbon, or tortoise shell or rubber. The earrings should be of the simplest pattern, or none at all should be worn, while bracelets, bangles and other ornaments should be left in one's trunk until worn with the house dress. Wide leather belts with small bags attached, are particularly useful, for the bag holds one's tickets, purse, salts bottle and handkerchief, so they are easily attainable. For long journeys, a convenient article is a small leather or canvass bag, with a long strap which passes over the shoulder and is easily carried, and leaves the hands free for other things, which go in the shawl strap.

The most comfortable warm wrap is either a dark all wool cloth coat, made in the English walking shape and stitched on the edge or bound with a braid, or a dark green and blue plaid shawl. These are very soft and light, yet warm, and can be had at Mr. Wanamaker's for $4. Gloves are another important feature of a traveling outfit. Dark undressed kids are very suitable, while many prefer the long Lisle thread mitt glove, which are very cool, and are to be found at Mr. Wanamaker's in great variety, at prices from 50 cents upward. Some people save all their soiled light kid gloves for traveling, but nothing can be more inappropriate or look worse. Let me add in conclusion that a sun umbrella is more comfortable and useful than a heavy umbrella, for it answers the purpose in rain or sunshine equally well.

### Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

During the leisure hours which come with long summer days, idle fingers find pleasant pastime in the charms of canvass, bright colored wools and silken threads, and interwoven in the warp and woof of these fantasies of summer work is many a romance of joy and sorrow, which tells some fair Penelope's story. Even for those to whom home duties come and go with each day, there is a pleasant recreation found in the fantasies of the needle, and now when the charms of fancy work are enhanced by artistic and novel designs, appealing to one's taste and skill for interpretation, fresh incentives are given to the needle, which can be guided so skilfully as to delineate with the vividness of the artist's brush.

My space will not allow a detailed description of the endless variety of work which one has to select from—so varied that every taste and talent can find in it some charming field of labor, but I will describe a few of the materials and subjects which have been prepared for summer work, and are to be found in Mr. Wanamaker's fancy work department, which is one of the most conspicuous of all the divisions in the famous Grand Depot, and seems to be the nucleus of attraction to all who visit it, and is always surrounded by an admiring throng. And now, when the season of summer rest and travel has begun, every one seeks some piece of fancy work for the idle hours of summer, and nowhere else can they find such an abundant field to select from.

The materials which form the foundation for fancy work are as rich in variety as the designs, and possess an adaptability for usefulness as well as ornament, and can be applied to every variety of charming home decoration.

"Aida canvass" in the ecru shades, resembling the Java linen canvass, and having a soft, open mesh, is used in a variety of articles—curtains, lambrequins, table-covers, tidies and chair-stripes, on which bands of velvet, or some colored cashmere, or serge, are appliqued in fancy stitches, while an artistic design is carried through the centre of the bands in a variety of colors and stitches. This is one of the most agreeable foundations for work, and can be had in different widths: one yard wide, $1.25, one and one-half yards wide, $1.87.

Burlap is so well known, but little description is necessary. It is a popular material for floor-mats, table-covers, curtains, and portieres. It is in various widths, one and one-half yards wide, 70 cents; and the three-quarters is 35 and 39 cents. This is worked with colored wools, crewels or zephyr, in some scroll or geometrical design, or applique, in which grotesque figures, animals, birds, or set figures are used. A new variety of burlap has been lately introduced by Mr. Wanamaker, especially adapted for curtains. The ground work is ecru in colors, with a small design, forming a set figure in brown: this is to be worked over in long satin or embroidery stitch, with different colored wools; the border is woven to the curtain, has a scroll design with the edge fringed, and is embroidered to correspond. This is the usual curtain width, and is very easily embroidered. Price, $2 per yard.

"Mummy cloth," which is a thick, but loosely woven, creamy white material, is also very popular for curtains, lambrequins, table-covers, tidies, and chair-stripes, or chair-covers. This is worked in a style similar to the Aida canvas, and charming effects are produced in the rich contrasts of black velvet bands and Oriental colors and stitches. When used for curtains, the bands of colored serge are first embroidered, and then appliqued on with button-hole or feather stitches. The one and one-half yards width is $1.75, and 50 cents for three-quarters width.

A new material which claims our notice, is called "zephyr canvas," having a soft, pliable mesh, and very easily worked. It is in various colors, such as olive, maroon and cardinal, dark and light blue, pink and gray, and white, and is adapted to a variety of uses. The delicate shades of blue and pink are made into lovely afghans for infants, embroidered in powdering design, which consists of tiny flowers or figures scattered irregularly over the surface, or in large clusters of flowers; so charming is the effect that it is preferred to the crocheted stripes on which the design has been worked, while the shades are exquisite in tints. This material is also used for table covers and tidies; on the former are appliqued bands of black velvet and a pretty design of fancy stitches in contrasting colored wools.

"Tammy cloth" is another new feature in Mr. Wanamaker's list, and is used for curtains and tidies. It is a fine white closely woven, but soft, pliable material, and is a charming foundation for an applique design.

Among the list of pieces of work begun, with materials to finish, there was a most effective table-cover of zephyr canvas; the centre was olive green, with a border of dark cardinal, and a black velvet band between, worked on with gold colored silk. An effective design was worked on the border and centre piece in pale blue, pink, gold and olive, producing the most artistic effect. This piece, with finishing materials, was marked $12.00.

A charming variety of pieces in cretonne applique was shown, among which was an exquisite table-cover in black satin, with a design of shaded gray leaves and pink roses in cretonne. This was $7.00.

Ecru linen, or duck, is another popular material for the same variety of purposes as the others. It is also used for screens, on which effective designs of cretonne are appliqued, or the design is stamped to be embroidered. One which especially attracted attention for its artistic design, represented a cluster of ferns, catkins and leaves, with a stork at the base, and birds and butterflies above. This was to be embroidered in crewels and silks, which are exclusively used for this material. Another screen, on which the design was cretonne applique, represented a cluster of leaves, ferns and trailing morning-glories in rose and blue; a stork, with butterflies, and a small bird, added to the charming effect. This is worked over here and there on the veins of the flowers and leaves, and the plumage of the birds, and was marked $5.00.

Ecru linen has become the foundation for much that is termed "art needlework," Mr. Wanamaker has the choicest of designs, either begun or stamped, which are fresh from the Kensington school of design in London, and are really the most perfect specimens of artistic design for fancy work, suitable for cushions, chair-stripes, small mucesarys to bric-a-brac covers, screens, and many other uses.

Among the many exquisite and artistic designs was a small screen, the design representing a cluster of rushes, catkins and aquatic leaves, on the waters' edge, while a crane hovered over the water, on the background of which were the rays of the setting sun.

Another was of sunflowers and leaves, with catkins. Another design represented wild pink roses and leaves. Another buttercups and daisies. One was very effective with blackberries and blossoms. These are worked with crewels, and with materials to finish, are from $2.75 up to $7.00. Designs simply stamped are 50 cents, 75 cents, and upwards. Among the cretonne applique designs was a screen of black satin, with a gorgeous parrot swinging in a vine of convolvuli and Begonia leaves. Another one of navy blue satin, had an exquisite design of cretonne applique of roses, shaded leaves, berry blossoms, and small birds.

Another foundation for fancy work is ecru linen table-covers with a small woven set figure, and border with fringe. These are worked over in colored wools, and are from $1.50 up to $7.00.

I must not omit the charming variety of doyleys and toilette setts of white and cream-colored linen, with stamped designs, representing grotesque and picturesque figures, Japanese vases and figures, Pucks and fairies, etc. The toilette setts are to be used instead of the old style of Java canvas; they consist of seven pieces, with a stamped design, representing the story of Cinderella. Another was Red Riding Hood. These are $1.25 the whole sett. The doyleys are 22 and 24 cents each. These are to be worked in outline stitch, or what is called graphic embroidery, the materials being the single thread of untwisted floselle. It is simply and easily worked, and is one of the most charming pieces of summer embroidery. Another novelty is termed the sash Lady, consisting of a straight piece or strip of Tammy cloth fringed at each end, and a band of black velvet on each side stitched on with colored silks; the design through the centre consists of cretonne figures, or else is worked in crewels. An effective one, prepared for embroidering, represented a vine of shaded convolvuli in all colors, and was marked $2.75.

The Japanese scraps form an important feature of fancy work, being used for the centre of tidies, and borders for table-covers, lambrequins, etc. They are laid on a foundation of colored canvass, which forms a border, beyond which is a band of black velvet and fringe. The canvass is worked in Oriental colors in fancy stitches and Japanese letters. These scraps are from nine cents to 25 cents.

My limited space precludes much of a description of the other varieties of fancy work, among which are bands for trimming scrap baskets, in which Aida canvass is used worked in fancy stitches on colored bands, Japanese straw cuffs for knitting baskets. These are ten cents each, and with design begun 60 cents; already finished $1.25. Fancy towels for covering towel racks, with the ends worked in colored Ingrain cotton, purse materials, in every detail and variety, form a prominent feature of this display, in gilt, and steel beads and trimmings.

For those who are novices in fancy work there are small pieces of canvass, each with some fancy design worked, showing the appropriate colors and stitches, so as to be easily copied. These are from 10 cents to 75 cents, and are of incalculable benefit to the worker. They are also prepared at this department to give instruction in any of the work purchased, and can supply a full variety of crewels of all shades at six cents a skein.

With such a variety, and advantages for working, one need not be at a loss to know what to do long summer days. I will be glad to purchase for any of my readers any article on receipt of the price.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.—Mr. Darwin publishes a letter from Mr. Arthur H. Gray, of Davenport, Mass., with an illustration, showing a common mussel, or clam attached to the foot of a blue winged teal. When the bird was shot the shell fish was alive. The author of "The Origin of Species" considers this case well worth recording, as it serves to account, in part at least, for the fact "that animals and plants inhabiting fresh water have as a general rule a very wide distribution; yet each river system, with all the pools and lakes in connection with it, seems completely cut off from every other system of the same country." Mr. Gray, in his letter, says the shell-fish would undoubtedly have been transported to some river or pond, perhaps miles from its original home, had the bird not been shot, and might have propagated its kind."

BIRDS.—It sometimes seems hard to believe, but birds are the staunch friends of every man who raises fruit, grain or grass. They are the constitutional check put upon depredating insects. Every cherry that the robin eats he pays for five hundred times over by countless and nameless insects devoured as a part of his meal diet. Woodpeckers, larks, jays, sparrows, and the whole tribe of thrushes, are indefatigable friends of the garden and the farm.

London, Ont., has some inhabitants of singular intelligence. A little girl, the daughter of a clergyman, has narrowly escaped death from picking and eating potato bugs, under the impression that they were peanuts; while a colored resident mistaking the rising moon for a conflagration, turned in an alarm, and while racing towards it the new steam fire-engine was upset and smashed, three men being badly hurt in the operation.

## ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS.

FELIX, (Yankton, Dak.)—There is no remedy for bow-legs except by means of compression, bandages, or even irons, and a long tedious maintenance of a state of absolute rest.

Y. E. B., (Campbell, Ky.)—To remove black spots on the face apply cold cream at night, rub with a hard towel in the morning, and take some medicine to purify the skin.

QUARREL, (Essex, N. Y.)—You and your lover are as foolish as children. All lovers who quarrel are foolish; in fact, anybody who quarrels, under any circumstances, is foolish.

J. P. L., (Tuscarawas, N. C.)—The fact that the second wife was not married in her proper name does not invalidate the marriage. It is legal, notwithstanding the false name.

AGNES, (Essex, Mass.)—An album is scarcely an appropriate present from a lady to the gentleman to whom she is engaged; it is rather a present to be made by a gentleman to a lady.

READER, (Pleasants, W. Va.)—Reducing the diameter of wire by "drawing" or pulling it through a hole of less diameter than its own diameter is "what is meant by drawing wire."

P. B., (Muscogee, Ga.)—It is hardly right to say that white is not a color, as Sir Isaac Newton demonstrated that white is composed of a due proportioned mixture of rays of all sorts of colors.

B. M., (Livingston, Mo.)—You have hitherto behaved prudently in declining to encourage the young gentleman's addresses unknown to your friends, and you would do well to persist in the same course.

I. S., (Aristook, Me.)—The expression "Tout est perdu, horsq'honneur"—"all is lost, save honor"—originated with Francis I., of France, who wrote them to his mother after the siege of Pavia.

MARIAN, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—There is no harm in your visiting at the house of the young gentleman's parents, since it is by their invitation that you go, and the mother herself specially courts your society.

GLORIA B., (Macomb, Mich.)—Grease spots may be removed from marble with a paste of fuller's earth and hot water applied and allowed to dry on, then scoured off after twenty-four hours with soft or yellow soap.

DOUBTFUL, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You have been introduced, and if the young man is respectable and you desire to make his further acquaintance, a single "Thank you, sir," for his courtesy, would give him encouragement.

BROOKLYN, (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—Richard Crenshaw, an English poet, wrote the line, "It appears in the famed verses on the miracle of Cana, published in 1634, and reads: "The musical water saw its God, and blushed."

DISPUTE, (Columbiana, O.)—The Vatican, the palace of the Popes, at Rome, communicating with the Basilica of St. Peter, is the most extensive palace in the world. It is 1,377 feet long; has 20 courts, and 11,000 apartments.

C. H. C., (New York.)—Philadelphia is the largest city in size on the American continent. Whoever disputes that fact, has but slight knowledge of such things, no matter what his pretensions may be. New York may have more inhabitants.

BERTHA, (Jewell, Kan.)—It is impossible to advise a woman how to act or what to do when she receives no offers of marriage. There is plainly and simply nothing for her to do. A lady cannot make overtures, either directly or indirectly.

LIFE INSURANCE, (Windsor, Va.)—The 28th of March, 1838, was a Saturday; the 16th of October, 1855, was a Monday; 29th of April, 1859, a Sunday; 30th of January, 1856, a Monday; 25th of March, 1861, a Monday; 20th of October, 1862, a Thursday.

S. C. B., (Broome, N. Y.)—The Colosseum at Rome covered five acres and a quarter of ground, the walls were 160 feet high, it had seats for 87,000 spectators, with standing-room for 22,000 more, and a vast area where thousands of gladiators and wild beasts contended.

SOLDAT, (Hecker, Minn.)—Indigestion arises from weakness in the digestive organs. It is mostly necessary to take some medicine in the shape of tonics, but they should not be resorted to without advice. Exercise and temperance are perhaps the best remedies to appeal to.

A. K., (Fluvanna, Va.)—An offensive breath may arise from decayed teeth, diseased lungs, or disordered stomach. In most instances a remedy may be found in a solution of chlorinated soda, eight or ten drops of which should be taken in a wineglass of water every morning before breakfast.

MARY, (Bucks, Pa.)—The following are some of the directions in fan flirtation: Fan—slow, I am engaged; fan fast, I am independent; fan with right hand in front of face, leave open and shut, Kiss me; open wide, love one-half, friendship; shut, hate; swinging the fan, can I see you home.

C. W., (Richmond, Phila.)—The steamship Great Eastern was designed by J. K. Brunel, was built by Scott, Russel & Co., at Millwall, on the Thames, England. Paddle and screw; 1,600 and 1,600 horse power. Her weight was 12,000 tons. Her launch occupied from November 3, 1857, to January 31, 1858.

H. W. B., (Marathon, Wis.)—Mates of merchant ships must either have been midshipmen, apprentices, or common sailors, who are promoted according to their merit. They must have studied navigation. As for the duties of first, second, and third mates, they cannot be easily defined in so short a space as we can here afford.

WELSHMAN, (Alexander, Ill.)—We do not remember having published directions for making a paint that shall be both fireproof and waterproof, and, considering the nature of the materials usually employed in the manufacture of paint, we think it unlikely that there is such a substance possessing these qualities in a reliable degree.

U. D., (Dallas, Md.)—A person in a country village wishing to set up in cheap periodicals, or to add the sale thereof to some other little business already progressing, should apply to the principal bookseller in the nearest town and obtain from him a weekly supply of such publications as he may require. He can there learn the terms on which they are sold and all other particulars.

FORSAKEN, (Sheboygan, Wis.)—If the quarrel between you and him is of a nature to preclude all hope of a reconciliation, we should advise you to return his gifts, to save future unpleasantness; but we are inclined to think, from his retaining one article, that he is still in love with you, and perhaps, after a little time, will be glad to renew the engagement. Do not write to him again at present.

R. D., (Upper Falls, Ind.)—In introducing ladies to gentlemen, the latter should be introduced to the former, as "Miss A., permit me to introduce to you my friend Mr. B.," or "Mr. B., this is my friend Miss A." In introducing gentlemen, the younger should be introduced to the elder, the undistinguished to the distinguished, the inferior to the superior. The person who makes the introduction should not venture beyond what words are absolutely necessary to achieve the ceremony in a polite manner.

WOOL-WORKER, (Kensington, Phila.)—It is generally believed that silk was spun in China as long ago as 2,500 years B. C. For a long time the Chinese kept the secret to themselves, but about two thousand years after the discovery, the process of manufacture began to be known elsewhere. The eggs of the silk worm are just about the size of mustard seeds. Before the silk fibre comes the insect passes through five stages. The final stage lasts about nine days. The period is about forty days.

STUDENT, (Virginia, Ill.)—The length of time it would take for a graduate of either of the institutions you mention to finish a classical course at Harvard, would, of course, depend upon the progress he had already made, so far as regards a knowledge of the essential parts of this feature of a college education, it could, no doubt, be as well obtained in the former places as in the latter. The present President of Harvard is Professor Charles Eliot.

S. S., (Perry, Ala.)—Frequent ablutions are required to remove all particles of dust, soot, and other light substances, which, settling on the skin, become coated, and, stopping up the pores, obstruct transpiration, and thus the influence of the skin as a respiratory organ is entirely prevented. Soap, rendering the only product of the skin freely miscible with water, is an invaluable assistant in purification; without it, the unctuous surface of the skin with the dirt that adheres to it, cannot be properly removed.

O. D., (Union, Ky.)—The Bath order of knighthood is found in the earliest ages of the English sovereigns. It derived its name from the circumstance that bathing constituted one of the principal features in the installation of knights. The order of the Garter was instituted by Edward III., the number of persons was for long strictly limited to twenty-five, beside the sovereigns; other statutes have since been made, extending the number by admitting foreign potentates, and members of the royal family in addition to the twenty-five.

MAUD, (Union, O.)—As you are rather too old to become an "infant prodigy," and much too young to be of any value to the stage, we advise you to wait two or three years before you take any steps in that direction. As you have been to school you may remember the proverb that is put in small-hand on the copy-books, "Self-praise is no recommendation," and where you consider yourself "a good musician," professional people might think otherwise, and you would be exposed to much mortification. You are quite right as to being "rather backward" in other respects, for your writing is very indifferent.

LOOMSING, (Utica, N. Y.)—Your best course would be to do nothing so rash or so foolish as to marry the girl without having the means to support her. Even if her parents seem disposed to encourage the results, it is not likely that they will compel their daughter to wed him, if she herself, disinclined to do so. If she loves you and you love her you had better inform her father and mother of the feelings between you, and it is more than likely, if you are deserving, that they will offer no obstacle to the consummation of your happiness at the proper time. Above all, do not think of a secret marriage.

MIRE, (Scarborough, Me.)—There are various remedies advertised for the purpose of making the hair grow thicker, but their use is hardly to be commended. If Nature does not send a satisfactory head-covering, as a rule doctoring with nostrums is seldom productive of any good result. (2.) "Dangerous Ground" is published in book form by Porter & Coates, of this city. (3.) In order to learn locomotive engineering, you should make application at the offices of the road nearest your home, or, failing there, apply by letter as we have done here. The usual course is to go on the engine as fireman, and thus acquire the requisite knowledge. (4.) With the exception of two slight faults of capitalization, your writing is excellent. Your spelling is perfect throughout.

A. Y., (Darby, Pa.)—The man, be he good or bad, who begins with the determination to be rich early in life, is most likely to be disappointed. Let him select the best example of rapid success that can be found; let him, if he can, begin with the same means, and do precisely the same things, as did those who had become rapidly rich, and it is very likely to find, in the end